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FROM
ss M.H. Brazier,
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Boston 17, Mass.

BUSINESS WOMEN'S CLUB
144 Bowdoin St.
BOSTON - MASS.

To the
Business Women not
from the Founder
and Publisher

Marion Howard, Founder

Founder of the Massachusetts
Women's Club in 1907

STAGE AND SCREEN



BOSTON MUSEUM COMPANY.

1862

STAGE AND SCREEN

BY

MARION HOWARD BRAZIER
AUTHOR OF "PERPETRATIONS"

ILLUSTRATED

M. H. BRAZIER, PUBLISHER
TRINITY COURT
BOSTON ✓ MASSACHUSETTS

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Dedicated
TO THE
SPOKEN AND SILENT DRAMA

677271

“I think I love and reverence all the arts equally, only putting my own just above the others, because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems that when God conceived the world, that was poetry; he formed it and that was sculpture; he colored it and that was painting; he peopled it with living beings, and that was grand eternal drama.”

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

PREFACE

AT first it may seem inconsistent to begin my little story of plays and players by turning the hourglass back so far. I have endeavored to deal briefly with those “salad days” and to write of some of the players known to me personally or professionally, from the standpoint of the theatre goer since the middle sixties, and not as a critic in any sense. Volumes have been written by abler pens, and will be, in the future. These are merely wayside jottings. It is by request of many, whose friendship is dear, that I undertake to put into some semblance of shape my recollections, aided by programs preserved these long years, dating from the early seventies. Doubtless, there are errors of omission—possibly of commission. Much is culled from my platform talk, “Players of Past Generations Now Alive,” and all is too briefly told. As to screen plays, it is quite impossible to keep pace with them, or foresee where the motion picture industry will lead. Great spectacles are under way;

P R E F A C E

so, in dealing with the subject one feels inclined to say "continued in our next." Many of the oldtime pictures in the stage section were gifts in the long ago. In the preparation of this book, I am indebted to players and producers of motion pictures for their co-operation in trying to brighten what might, otherwise be dull pages.

THE AUTHOR

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I

THE BOSTON MUSEUM

CHARLES DICKENS has wisely said "All together too many people look at everything, seeing nothing." "I find myself in a world in which there is so much to see, and so short a time to see it in, I must take the trouble to look about me."

Presumably he was not aiming at excursion parties which invaded Europe before the World War, and went about, Baedekers in hand, giving a sweeping glance at the most glaring things that filled the eye, losing sight of the real gems here and there, particularly in the art galleries. Still his words apply to the average theatre goer of the present generation, who goes to kill time, to see some pet player, because his neighbor goes, or he is dazzled by the shrieking posters along the highways. Anyhow he is considerably bored by it all, and sometimes slumbers.

STAGE AND SCREEN

True it is, the stage offers to many a mere form of amusement, not enlightenment, yet most of us feel that the greatest of arts is the dramatic. Someone has truly said "The drama is the most refined pleasure of a polished people." The fact that many theatres are given over to a portrayal of cheap plays with queer, misleading and suggestive titles does not militate against the power of the drama. No matter how much censure and pessimism may exist, these cannot run down the real drama — not one whit. Whether a play is high brow or low brow it matters little so long as it is human.

It was my good fortune that some of my early girlhood days were passed in Charlestown, Massachusetts, as a neighbor of E. F. Keach and his delightful family of young folks, and I thus became a devotee of the old Boston Museum, way back in the sixties when Mr. Keach was manager, and placed it on a high plane far removed from a mere adjunct of a museum for the display of wax figures. When Kate Reynolds received an offer from Mr. Keach to play there she promptly declined, as the name suggested curios and lay figures, but second thought prevailed as shown later on. Back of Mr. Keach, to be exact, in 1843, a stock company was established, and in it the late Adelaide Phillips made

THE BOSTON MUSEUM

her debut at ten in "The Spoiled Child." Quite the most popular actor there then was W. H. Smith, called "Smithy" by his intimates. He was a School street tailor by day, and quite clever. He comes within my recollection in the '60's—hence mention here.

The history of this playhouse has been written exhaustively and there is literally nothing to add, apart from a few personal reminiscences. It was for a decade considered a Boston institution, was patronized by the elect, the so-called Chippendales, the church deacon, and then on, to lovers of the drama generally, including the "Gallery Gods" as the small fry were called at that time. Here, too, babies in arms were admitted.

In spite of its popularity and prestige we find this in an old newspaper (printed in 1853) "The Boston Museum has been outraging decency by reviving the vulgar negro extravaganza, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" Well, there came an evolution in sentiment, for later on some scribe commented on that early verdict in this way: "The Boston Museum continued to 'outrage decency' and otherwise conduct its affairs, for a remarkable long term of years, and its memory is still fondly if not reverently kept by the older Bostonians — those who

were patrons of what was one of the nation's most famous playhouses."

As William Seymour declared in his farewell address delivered at the final curtain June 1, 1903, "The record of the Boston Museum is exceptional in the history of the American stage." Farther on he said, "There is hardly a great actor of the two last generations who has not been seen on this stage." He made happy allusion to the Davenport family (one of whom — May Davenport — he married) when he said "Not only E. L. Davenport, but his wife, their sons and daughters, and their granddaughter — my own daughter — have all appeared at the Museum."

Never will I forget that last night when the play "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was not "the thing" for there were many features not down on the bill. Charles Frohman's notable company had the honor of closing the house. In it were Margaret Anglin, William Courtleigh, Guy Standing, Oswald Yorke (who married dainty Annie Russell); E. Y. Backus; Sandol Milliken; Ethel Hornick; W. H. Crompton and others. At the close the house rose and with moistened eyes sang "Auld Lang Syne."

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It was my privilege, after the age of discrimination, to see all the plays at this house, as proven by a complete and cherished collection of programs; the oldest of all tells of "Rosedale" one of my favorite plays, and seen many times. This was put on in the early '60's and what a cast! L. R. Shewell; Warren and Vincent (as they were lovingly dovetailed); Frank Hardenburgh; Josie Orton, Emily Mestayer and Kate Reynolds, the entire strength of the company utilized. This was a popular play, revived often, and played by many. Twenty-five years later on the same stage and at the suggestion of the late R. M. Field who was rounding out his quarter century as manager, "Rosedale" was given as a tribute to Lester Wallack who created the part of Eliot Grey, with another notable cast, including Annie M. Clarke; C. Leslie Allen; Jack Mason as Grey; George Wilson; Charles Abbe; Miriam O'Leary, Kate Ryan, Fanny Addison-Pitt and others. Only five are alive at present.

Seeing so many plays at this house it is difficult to make selection, yet some linger longest in memory, like the dramatization of the works of Dickens such as "Oliver Twist," "Christmas Carol," "David Copperfield," billed as "Little Em'ly," and all so well cast. Who will ever forget the Dan and Ham

Peggotty of Charles Barron and Jack Mason, or the Rosa Dartle of Annie Clarke, the Micawber of Warren and Aunt Betsy Trotwood of Mrs. Vincent. Vividly I recall the first performance of "Pinafore" at this house Nov. 25, '78, with George Wilson as Sir Joseph Porter; Marie Wainwright as Josephine; Lizzie Harold as Buttercup, and buxom Sadie Martinot as Hebe. Then came the Children's Pinafore with Corinne as Buttercup (as pictured in this book in that character); Ida Mulle as Josephine, and more than fifty little folks in the company. These had long runs everywhere. In '95 "Zip" was given, Annie Clarke returning to the Museum for this one play, and then came the winding up of the stock company and opening of the combination plan.

Here I first saw Mme. Modjeska (Countess Bozenta) and ten years later called on her in California on the ranch where she died a few years ago. She was, perhaps, the most celebrated Polish actress to come here, and her art was transcendent. Then came Fanny Davenport whom it was ever a joy to see and hear, also to meet at close range at her seaside home in South Duxbury, Massachusetts, "Melbourne Hall," where she took her guests lovingly to an upper room devoted to the memory of



CORINNE
As "Little Buttercup."



LOTTA



JOSIE ORTON

THE BOSTON MUSEUM

her parents the late E. L. and Mrs. Davenport. Here were treasures indeed, a veritable shrine for the devoted family. Across the way is the home then, and now, of her sister May Davenport-Seymour, who gathers around her the children and grandchildren — but of the Seymours more anon!

Debonair Charles Stevenson made his first appearance at the Museum in '73 as Steerforth in "Little Em'ly," one of the strong suits at this house, and annually revived. He was born in Ireland, graduated from Trinity University, Dublin, and accompanied the Boucicaults to this country in '72. Later he went to Wallacks and there created the role of the Chevalier in "The Two Orphans," then doubling as Pierre the cripple. For fourteen years he played in that company with Kate Claxton, whom he married in '78. He was lost to the stage for awhile but returned in support of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Theatre goers know of his several years with Belasco, his creation later of the part of Wealth in "Experience" and now we find him on the screen doing commendable work. He was a so-called matinée idol, but what we best recall is his remarkable reading of the lines. Kate Claxton, who also played engagements at the Museum, retired long ago and now resides at Larchmont Manor, New

York. She first appeared with Lotta in Chicago in '70. Later she became a member of Daly's company, and of the Union Square, where she created the role of Louise in "The Two Orphans," a part singularly fitted to her somewhat pathetic features, her eyes simulating blindness startlingly. She was ably supported from time to time by such eminent players as Mrs. Thomas Barry, Kitty Blanchard, F. F. Mackey, Marie Wilkins, C. Leslie Allen, McKee Rankin, Ida Vernon, Maud Granger, Joe Wheelock, Charles R. Thorne, and Stuart Robson.

At the Museum I also saw Mlle. Rhea, the sad-faced Eleonora Duse, Lester Wallack, Clara Morris, Salvini, the elder, "Billy" Florence and wife, Janauschek — there was an actress for you, the nearest approach to Charlotte Cushman the stage has yet produced! Here too I saw John T. Raymond, Daly's immortal company and so on, to say nothing of the musical successes put on from time to time and the various combination bookings. This chapter would not be complete without mention of the younger ones who came along in stock in the '70's like Kate Ryan who, in her book "Old Museum Days" has, in a chatty way, told the story of her co-workers, paying well deserved tributes. Only a few even of that later company are now alive.



MIRIAM O'LEARY AND KATE RYAN



LILLIAN RUSSELL at 21



FANNY WARD at 17

THE BOSTON MUSEUM

We still have Miriam O'Leary of the laughing eyes, whose daughter Miriam Collins is a Broadway success, and who created the part of Love in "Experience" when William Elliott played Youth; Agnes Acres, a sister retired to domestic life years ago, has a son to inherit her gifts in Barton Jenks, conspicuous in Harvard College plays as a student there.

Then, left to us is George Wilson who succeeded Warren so creditably and who still resides in Boston. Though one of the best comedians in his line, it is of interest to note that he began his career in "Othello" in '77. Many who recall him feel that his biggest hit was as old Macclesfield in "The Guv'ner" and I have never seen it done so well. The late H. M. Pitt and his estimable wife Fanny Addison still in harness were a distinct addition to the company. Then came a younger element in Isabelle Evesson, Maida Craigen, Edgar L. Davenport, the Booth brothers, Emma Sheridan Fry, Marie Burress, the handsome Southern blonde, who so delighted us in Agatha and other plays as leading woman; Bob Edeson, Melbourne MacDowell, Ned Rose, erstwhile actor, prompter, stage manager, director, and now author and producer; George Schiller who has a long stage career to his credit beginning at the

STAGE AND SCREEN

Howard Athenaeum as the eccentric cat in the extravaganza "Robinson Crusoe." He is still with us, so is Charlie Abbe.

One of the plays recalled in '87 is "Tom Jones" camouflaged under the name of "Sophia," which put it over with the intellectuals. It was admirably done; Charles Barron played Tom; William Seymour, Squire Weston; Annie Clarke, Lady Bellaston; May Davenport, Molly Seagrim; Isabelle Evesson, Sophia. James Nolan, who married Kate Ryan, Grace Atwell, E. E. Rose and James Burroughs were in the cast. Early this year the Jewett Players put the piece on at the Copley Theatre, Boston, as "Tom Jones" and the house was packed with a smart following, though they do say that dear old Tom was distinctly purified by Buchanan in the stage version.

II

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

FOREMOST among actresses to impress me in early girlhood days was Charlotte Cushman whose personality and art can never be effaced from memory. Authors and writers generally have told her story and told it well. Boston born, with the blood of the early Pilgrims in her veins, she was "to the manner born," divinely gifted, and became the greatest tragedienne of her generation. Three characteristics were hers, the power of concentration, perseverance and indomitable courage. In later years she developed the force and cultivation of mind over matter knowing that she had an incurable malady.

Charlotte Cushman lacked what is called personal charm, yet held full sway over the hearts and emotions of all within the sound of her rich contralto voice. It was my privilege to meet her face to face in her dressing room, taken there by a mutual friend. It was then I heard the story of why she

never married — rather of her one romance in life which, strange to say, has not to my knowledge been published. It was truly a tragedy or an “escape,” according to one’s point of view, and it does not seem in keeping to go into the details. The fact is, she was enamored of her leading man, Conrad Clark, whose duplicity was discovered one evening in a dramatic manner behind the scenes. It was a case of the eternal triangle of life, and we can well imagine with what majesty she dismissed him from her presence. The expose came during the play, but Miss Cushman went through her part, as Queen Catherine, to the curtain. Then at the close, she sent for him for the final word. Thus ended her first and only romance! As to her acting there was little difference of opinion even among the critics, for she held all spellbound. As Meg Merrilies she reached high water mark, and no one with the possible exception of Janauschek (so like her physically) has equalled her. Mary Anderson tried it, but could not get into the character, or conceal her good looks sufficiently. It is of interest to know here that the play “Guy Mannering,” which emphasized the character of Meg, was written by an uncle of Ellen Terry and first produced in London. He and the author of the book were intimate friends. Then

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

Dion Boucicault got hold of it, adapted some incidents in the novel, and moved it to Ireland with an Irish name. It must not be forgotten that Agnes Booth gave us a taste of her versatility in a Meg not easily forgotten, but few have ventured to assume the role except for a limited engagement.

Charlotte Cushman's large physique and deep voice fitted her for male roles in which she excelled like those of Romeo, Hamlet, Cardinal Wolsey and Claude Melnotte. Her work was far from crude, and compared favorably with many male Hamlets and the like. She led a long useful life and left a rich inheritance among true lovers of the drama. It was my privilege to witness her last performance in Boston at the Globe theatre in '74 when she played Lady Macbeth, supported by D. W. Waller and a strong company, all gone from our midst. Just previously, she appeared in a series of farewell performances in New York, closing in the same play supported by George Vandenhoff and Frederick Warde now alive and doing finished work on the screen. At the Boston performance the late Curtis Guild, Sr., spoke for the public, closing with the words "Many the parts you have played to the end, your best were those of sister, lady, friend." Miss Cushman responded saying "Looking back upon

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my career I think I may without vain glory say, that I have not by any act of my life done discredit to the city of my birth. Believe me I shall carry away with my retirement no memory sweeter than my associations with Boston and my Boston public. From my full heart I thank you."

In two years she left us and was buried from Kings Chapel across from the Parker House where she had made her home. She had no fear of death and, being deeply religious, she once said "I can go to any church and find God." Near her beloved poet Longfellow and nearer still to the great actor Edwin Booth, in Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Massachusetts, she sleeps, beneath a simple obelisk on the hillside. Small wonder we find in New York University's Hall of Fame the name of Charlotte Cushman, the first of her profession to be thus honored!



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN



ADELAIDE NEILSON



ANNIE CLARKE



KATE REYNOLDS-WINSLOW

In Loving Memory

III

IN LOVING MEMORY

ALONG with Charlotte Cushman we place on memory's page for the theatre other names like Kate Reynolds, whose "Yesterday with Actors" should be in the home of every lover of the drama. She was a highly distinguished member of the Museum company in the early '60's. In later years she married Mr. Erving Winslow, a Boston merchant, and retired from the stage. It was then I met her personally, listened to her still glorious voice and also heard her loyal tributes to the drama as an art; and she was the embodiment of all it stood for, in its highest development. For some years she appeared occasionally on the platform as a reader of plays, when thousands, from time to time, sat at her feet and profited thereby.

Her book tells little of herself but it scintillates with tributes to her co-workers, and they were many. Of Charlotte Cushman she writes "Others have found their imitators and successors but the force of her

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genius so stamped our memories that we cannot regret that the great queen's throne remains empty." So on, down the line, always the magnanimous spirit, resplendent on every page—in fact the book radiates love of her fellow creatures. Special tributes are paid Warren, "dear old lady" Vincent and Josie Orton, who is the only surviving member of that wonderful company under Keach. She is the widow of Ben Woolf of Boston, and resides at an advanced age in Brooklyn, New York.

Kate Reynolds made her debut at four in England, an impromptu affair in a drawing room, where her mother was entertainer and had to take the child along to keep her engagement. Of her early home she writes sparingly, owing to an inborn dislike of invading the domestic privacy of actors. She writes, "The veil that shelters home should be sacred; indeed it has always seemed to me the very gifts of ourselves behind the footlights ought to make them a barrier between the world and the rest of our lives." Her book is introduced in the preface as "only a few wayside notes culled from a public career." They are notes that count and they tell of Forrest, and the Forrest Home for old players near Philadelphia; of John Brougham; Agnes Robertson, Ben de Bar, Mrs. John Wood, Laura Keene,

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E. A. Sothern, Matilda Heron and equally fine players as she knew them personally and professionally. Her retirement was regretted by all, internationally so.

Among well known leading players personally known to me was Charles Barron who lived to a ripe old age and passed on in '18. He bequeathed to the stage that clever actress, Beverly West, his granddaughter. On a program before me is his name, in support of Kate Denin-Ryan in "The Hidden Hand" played in Portland, Maine, in '60. Both became members of the Boston Museum company, when Kate Denin dropped the name of Ryan, eloped with, and married John Wilson, the handsome young husband of Mrs. Vincent, much to the consternation of those immediately concerned, and to the staid devotees of that playhouse. The couple were lost sight of for awhile, when Kate Denin returned to the stage in dowager parts, in support of such players as Eleanor Robson with whom she last appeared. She died in '07, Wilson much earlier, and they left three children.

In connection with my school days comes the picture of Annie Clarke in all her glorious beauty, so appealing to the susceptible young minds of that day. She was leading woman at the Museum

twenty years, succeeding Kate Denin after the escapade alluded to, and she was ever the dependable. She caught my fancy and, as time went on, we became fast friends up to her death, which occurred while playing in a travelling company. She had no special fads but usually with an eye to the artistic garbed herself in the tints to match her brunette beauty, like pale yellow shades, up to the deep brown of her street gowns. We used to steal away for the matinées, and hang round the lobby to see her come out, for there was no real rear stage entrance or exit there at the time; then we followed her along the street until waning strength turned our steps homeward. It was difficult to acquire the price of a ride in those days but when we did, it was to walk to Salem Street, board the bus with its straw laden floor, and then be dropped at the end of the route—Scollay Square, but conveniently near our beloved charmer.

Then comes, to memory dear, Edwin Booth, his art and his sorrows. It is well that the Players Club of New York City, which he founded, should erect a statue of him in Gramercy Park close to their doors, and that it should picture him as Hamlet for “we will never look upon his like again.” His name is still creditably borne on the stage by



SARAH BERNHARDT



ELLEN TERRY



IDA VERNON



CLARA MORRIS

I N L O V I N G M E M O R Y

a nephew, Sydney Booth, son of Junius Brutus Booth and his wife Agnes Booth, who later became Mrs. John B. Schoeffel. Young Booth greatly resembles his uncle and is the only one to bear the precious name today.

Then to have seen Adelaide Neilson, who went out of life too soon, by many years! Ah, there was an artist and a beauty, by nature sweet and reverent, strong and earnest of soul! At twelve she was able to recite the tragedies of Shakespeare, as well as other plays and was an inveterate student of the drama. Juliets may come and go, but hers lives forever. Julia Marlowe is the nearest approach to it of anyone yet seen, also in others of the classic dramas, and so it is a joy to see her again on our stage. Neilson died suddenly in Paris in '85, and lies buried in England beneath a large cross of carved easter lilies bearing the simplest inscription.

Looming high on memory's horizon comes Lawrence Barrett, with his splendid art, so distinctively his own; dear "Joe" Jefferson, whose sons succeed him on the stage, the elder Sothern whose mantle has fallen gracefully on his son — the fortunate husband of Julia Marlowe; the great Salvini from Italy, and his lamented son Alexander who died many years too soon.

Clara Morris — there's a name to conjure with! One of the best emotional actresses of her day, minus beauty and good health at that! She held us all in her power by sheer magnetism; "The American Actress," that is what they called her rightly, for she was in a class by herself. Her personality was felt by the most blasé critics. No one's Camille has quite come up to her interpretation, and I have seen all those worth while. Perhaps "Miss Multon" pictured in this book was a better all round play but "Article 47" was a close second. Whatever she essayed, it hit our emotions at once. Now she is old and blind, but able to dictate for publication her memoirs, and many articles for the press. The story of her life tells of her art, her tenacity and cheerfulness, despite the illness which beset her all through her life. For nearly forty years she lived in Yonkers where I once visited her; the old fashioned house is now a motion picture studio. Her friends are legion and have made her closing years comfortable over in Tuckahoe, New York. No breath of scandal ever touched her; she is listed in "Who's Who in America."

Ida Vernon is one of the grandes dames of the stage now retired after a notable career, beginning at the age of twelve as Puck in "Midsummer Night's

I N L O V I N G M E M O R Y

Dream" with Edwin Booth, back in '56. This was at the Boston theatre "befo' the war," as they say in her Dixie land. When that was over, during which she had an encounter with Abraham Lincoln, when she was under arrest by orders of Ben Butler, she resumed activities in Booth's company and has a record of more than sixty years on the stage. Her "Memories" in preparation, will be illuminating, but, from what I know of her modesty, they will not scintillate with stories of her own triumphs. For eleven years, up to her withdrawal, she was with William Hodge, creating parts like the one in "The Man from Home," the "Road to Happiness" and other plays. It was a privilege to meet her and look into her sad but still beautiful eyes, and fully to realize what Ida Vernon stands for.

She, like Charlotte Cushman, had a sad romance, yet happily in connection with a man above reproach — Edwin Booth. They loved each other but circumstance and a misunderstanding conspired to separate them. Wherever Ida Vernon is, you will find a portrait of Booth on her desk with fresh flowers before it. She was convent bred, with a touch of Scotch tenacity in her, is a Christian Scientist, and carries harmony along combined with faith.

Maggie Mitchell and Lotta line up in memory, as inimitable in their special line of work. The former passed away in '18 after a long useful life dating from '60, when she made her first appearance at the Boston Museum, with her sister Mary. Then she toured the country in a special repertoire which included "The Pearl of Savoy" "Fanchon" and the like. She married twice, the second time, Charles Abbott, widely known today in theatrical circles, who put on "Niobe" in conjunction with Ben Teal. At the age of eighty-two she astonished Broadway by going over from her Long Island home to see Cyril Maude in "Grumpy." She was in no sense a rival of Lotta, as each had a distinctive personality and art all their own. "The California Diamond" we still have with us, as sprightly as of yore, and attending the theatres regularly. Before me are two programs — one "La Cigale" which opened the new Park theatre, made over from Beethoven Hall, owned and dedicated by Lotta April 14, '79, and another bill telling of an earlier performance at the Boston theatre, Sept. 28, '68, when she put on "Firefly, or the Friend of the Flag," supported by Charles R. Thorne, and others long since passed away. She was born in New York, and went to the Coast with her parents when very

I N L O V I N G M E M O R Y

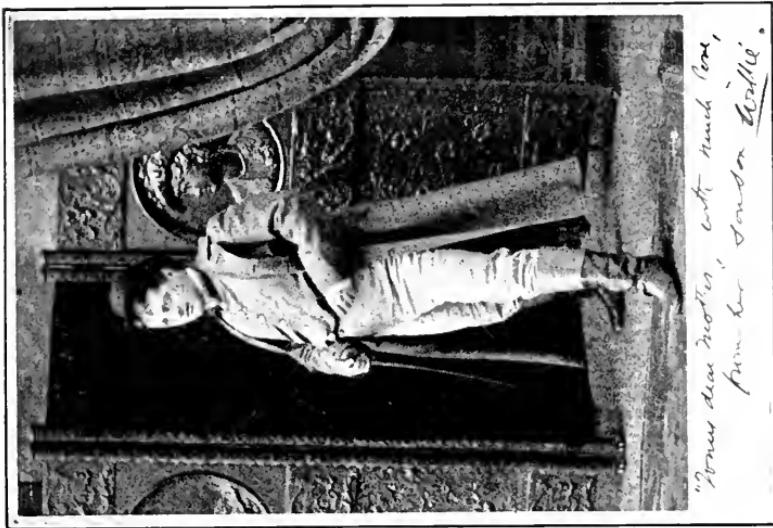
young. She was tremendously popular and called by many "The Dramatic Cocktail." Her love for California never waned and so she presented the city with a drinking fountain for dumb animals, to whom she is devoted. Lotta is the wealthiest actress now living, and owns much real estate. She retired some years ago, too soon to suit the public. She devotes much time to her brush and to music.

Agnes Booth is a blessed memory too and it was a liberal education to know her as I did, toward the close of her career. We met at her seaside home at Manchester, Massachusetts, at an outdoor performance of "As You Like It" given by her, for the Actors Fund of America, August 8, '87. Just glance at the cast! Osmond Tearle, Fred, Minnie and Lillian Conway, Frank Mayo, Stuart Robson, George C. Boniface, Mark Price, George Schiller, William H. Crane, Maida Craigen, Frazer Coulter and Charles Abbott, to say nothing of the hostess herself. I first saw her as Agnes Perry before she wedded Booth, in the play "Ours" at the Boston theatre March 22, '67, put on for her benefit. Her "Jim the Penman" has never been approached. She left one son Sydney Booth already spoken of.

IV

WILLIAM SEYMOUR

ALIVING bureau of information is William Seymour, actor, stage manager, director, writer and authority on plays and players. His big den in the Seymour summer home "Clamavi Towers" in South Duxbury, Massachusetts, is one to travel far to see, and revel in, for here in his library are his art treasures, books on all subjects relating to the stage, records of stock companies and great producers, like the lamented Charles Frohman with whom he was associated so many years. Here are books, old and new, all of value to one who likes to browse in book stalls, or to obtain late data. Presumably he has all the books penned by and about players — the old and modern, some quite rare editions, many of them autographed. Here are countless playbills, photographs, oil paintings of great stars, stage props, armors, swords, curios, and priceless articles — a valuable and instructive collection. Here, too, are pictures from



WILLIAM SEYMOUR
In "The Jilt"



MAY DAVENPORT-SEYMOUR
In "The Duke's Motto"

WILLIAM SEYMOUR

the estate of the late Fanny Davenport, willed to her sister, May Davenport-Seymour. One of the treats of last summer was my stay in their hospitable home where we turned the hourglass back a bit on matters of mutual interest, concerning the drama.

As already mentioned, Mr. Seymour was for many years stage director of the Boston Museum company, and he has had a distinguished career second to none I can at this time recall. He has played with the noted stars of fifty years ago, and began to act when very young, in New Orleans, inheriting his art from his parents. At 17 he was a director, then on to New York, California and Boston. I first saw him at the Museum in "London Assurance" in '79 playing Dolly Spanker and it was in a company hard to approach as to personnel and team work. Here are their names — Charles Barron, Alfred Hudson, William Warren, Joseph Haworth, George Wilson, May Davenport, James Nolan, Sadie Martinot, Jack Mason and Annie Clarke — some cast! This was a benefit to Miss Clarke; only four of that company are now alive. He was stage manager as well as player, and his services are sought even now.

He is supremely happy in his home life and his countless friends. Mr. Seymour refers feelingly always to his old associates like Sol Smith Russell,

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that embodiment of cheer and clean comedy; to Charles Frohman whom he loved like a brother, to Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, John E. Owens, Joseph Jefferson and E. L. Davenport. He married May Davenport and they have reared a fine family with grandchildren to delight their declining years. Mrs. Seymour first appeared in Philadelphia with her parents, then she went to Daly's company and to the Boston Museum, for second leads in '79, playing in "The Danicheffs" and later successes. She also supported her sister Fanny Davenport leaving her to marry Mr. Seymour. One daughter May (now Mrs. W. S. Eckert) appeared at the Museum in "The Little Princess" and made a favorable impression. Here is a program before me dated '63 with a cast in a memorable play "Rosedale" with Mr. Seymour's mother in the cast — Mrs. L. E. Seymour playing Lady Angela, and "master" Willie Seymour, Sir Arthur May. Lawrence Barrett was Eliot Grey; and he retained this play in his repertoire until he joined Edwin Booth, in the late '80's when the play went into stock, being afterward produced by Mr. Seymour in many theatres in this country.

The Seymours have three sons, of whom they are rightly proud, since all are clever. One, Ned, is

WILLIAM SEYMOUR

in literary work on pretentious publications in New York; John is on the stage in support of such players as Laurette Taylor, John Barrymore and others; the third son, James W. D., is a Harvard graduate, class '17, and one of the first of the college squad to go to France, where he served two years in the French army in the World War. He contributed home letters which were gems in literature and sentiment and which appeared in the press. He is an amateur player, a coach for the Harvard college plays, member of the exclusive "47 Workshop," and recently completed the two volume history of the American Field Service. The daughter, named for her aunt Fanny, married a few years ago a grandson and namesake of the late R. M. Field, the successor to E. F. Keach. Mr. Seymour is to give to posterity a volume of his career well worth possessing, for he is honestly and earnestly interested in the drama at its best, deplored any decadence. His reminiscences frequently appear, during the holiday season (for him), in the columns of the Hub's literary daily — the *Boston Transcript*. They are of immense value to students of the stage. During last season he was director and player in the company of George Arliss and created a role. Long live William Seymour!

V

SOME BIG PLAYERS

A YOUNG GIRL went to see Ellen Terry as Nance Oldfield. She was full of enthusiasm over Miss Terry's beauty and sprightliness, whereupon her escort said, laughingly, "Why, that pretty girl you are raving about is a grandmother." "Do you mean to say she isn't young?" was the query. "Yes, if you measure by years." "Well I should think any woman, a grandmother, would be ashamed to be skipping about the stage in that fashion." You see her whole picture of the great actress had been changed by the fact that she had learned her age, and associated her with a certain type, with all those years to their credit. Words of mine fail in paying tribute to Ellen Terry, who astonished the world by marrying for the third time, when past sixty, to say nothing of her husband being at least twenty years her junior. He was her stalwart leading man in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," one of the last plays in which she appeared in this country.

SOME BIG PLAYERS

One cannot disconnect her from Henry Irving with whom she made her early appearances here. I saw her first in "The Vicar of Wakefield" on the road, and later in the '80's as Ophelia and Portia, then met her socially at a reception in Boston tendered by the College Club then new. In her screen picture, "Her Greatest Performance," we get a glimpse of her daughter Edith Craig, both of them poorly photographed, the picture made in England. Ellen Terry has this to say: "We hear too much about the reforms of the theatre and too little about the reform of the audience." This was at a meeting of the British Drama League in London, when she also declared that audiences got just what they seemed to ask for. Her remarks were addressed to those present who aimed to uplift the stage.

Rose Coghlan

Placed at a pinnacle is Rose Coghlan, happily alert and alive to grace the stage of today. Few actresses have been endowed with so much native ability, and not one has given us a better Lady Teazle. Safe to say, I have never seen a Peg Woffington to compare with hers. Her life story is going out from her own pen. In this she pays loyal

tribute to her brother Charles Coghlan, leading man par excellence, in his generation. In an interview she used these words concerning the most tragic moment in her life: "I loved my brother Charles better than anyone in the world. Ever since I was a child he has been my hero, and the fact that I was Charles Coghlan's sister meant more to me than all my own success. I think anyone who knew him well would understand why I loved him, and looked up to him so. He started me in my work and his love and help never failed me."

At fifteen she made her debut in her native land, and came to America from Peterborough, England, in '71, to enjoy a long and creditable career. I first saw her in support of the elder Sothern whose Lord Dundreary is such a pleasure to recall, later in "The Happy Pair" at Wallacks where she held the boards as leading lady in repertoire back in the '80's. Later I saw her in "School for Scandal," and again in 1915, wearing the same gown as in '83. This was a memorable night in the history of New York theatres, and was the last for dear old Wallacks, which was demolished soon after. She gave the tag, her still glorious voice shaken with emotion while the house rose and threw flowers at her. She never looked more radiantly beauti-

Souvenir of Wallack's Street 1883
1915-



Opened by me - Glori - in St. Paul's.
"We gave part & took it - we
had a nice time down there -
and the 2nd & 3rd number - 1 X"

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ful, and the picture in this book was taken at the time.

Happening to be in Boston with an all star cast in "Trilby" which included Robert Paton Gibbs who created the role of Gecko, she celebrated quietly her golden jubilee on the stage. To the shame of playgoers and public, little notice was taken of it, while New York rebelled at not being the place to make this an historical event for the stage. She still possesses the grace, presence and charm of manner of yore. Rose Coghlan has made one or two pictures, notably "The Sporting Duchess," and appears now and then, recently in vaudeville with a picked company doing an act from "Forget-me-not," playing Stephanie as she had done many years, rivalling Genevieve Ward in this her star play.

Mary Shaw

To know Mary Shaw before and behind the foot-lights is one of the treats of my life, as regards the stage, for she is the embodiment of all that tends to make her profession more than worth while, and few have attained her distinction, as an actress of many parts. She was a pioneer in placing before us the so-called problem plays of Ibsen, Shaw and

STAGE AND SCREEN

the like, and together with Arnold Daly was roundly abused by press and public, particularly when presenting "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in '05. Well, Mary Shaw and all of us have lived to see such offerings, and far more suggestive ones, thrust upon both stage and screen. Take the Brieux play "Damaged Goods" for instance, a play condemned by officials in Boston, for one city, but put on the screen in '19 with the same company headed by Richard Bennett, at a large theatre at regular prices and lauded to the skies. So much for the evolution in sentiment and education. Truly times have changed! The World War opened our eyes, too!

Mary Shaw hails from Boston, her stage training taking place when an actor was one in more than name, and when hard work was its own reward. She gradually developed into a player of brilliant attainments and intellectual power — better still she is active and giving continued delight with her talents. In 1900 she attended the Congress of Women in London, the only delegate to represent the American stage. Madge Kendal presided, Ellen Terry and others spoke — all from notes, but our representative used none, being an expert in extemporaneous speaking. She called attention to

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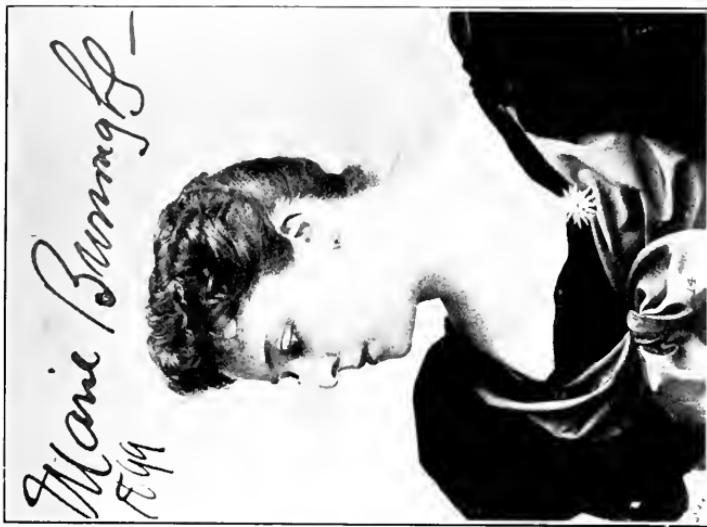
the fact that the first woman to enter the ranks of professionals was an actress. In London she was a guest of Sir Henry Irving and other distinguished persons and was presented at the Court of Queen Victoria. It is not generally known that Mary Shaw is legally a Duchess, for she is none other than the widow of Duke de Brissac of France. When interviewed there, she exclaimed "Fudge! there are no more titles in France — it is a Republic, you know." She is actively interested in the establishment of a National Theatre for women, and is strongly supported by eminent persons of both sexes. She resides in New York City, is one of the early incorporators of The Professional Women's League, and is founder of the Gamut Club for women. While in California playing an engagement some years ago, she was made honorary member of the Gamut Club of San Francisco, a male organization, and there conceived the idea of one for her own sister workers on the stage.

VI

MARY ANDERSON AND OTHERS

OUR MARY" was the first player to be the victim of my pen, just before her last appearance on our stage, as an actress of many parts, exactly suited to her personality. I had seen her in all her plays from the time of her debut, but this occasion brought me in closer range. It was in "The Winter's Tale" at the Hollis Street theatre in '89 when she essayed the dual role of Hermione and Perdita. Then followed her illness, which took her from us as a star in the height of her career. A native of California, reared in old Kentucky, daughter of a soldier, she early attracted attention, and from none other than Charlotte Cushman, who told her that she possessed three requisites for the stage — voice, personality and gesture. So Mary Anderson studied with this great woman and polished off under her guidance.

Here and abroad she won personal and artistic success, was ever a picture to fill the eye, as well



as a credit to her native land. In '89 she married Antonio Navarro and settled down to domesticity, retiring from our Broadway to old Broadway, a charming place in Worcestershire, England. Mary Anderson gave no "farewells" but retired gracefully, when she meant to, and has steadfastly declined tempting offers to return for "just one more American tour." She goes out once in awhile for charity or some notable benefit to sing, or do a small part, and there's a reason for her decision. She is supremely happy in that ideal home of hers over there. It was my privilege to meet her by chance at Stratford-on-Avon and in Anne Hathaway's garden where she was dodging tourists, who swarmed there that day. A pleasant acquaintance was renewed which led to a call at her home not far away. The picture of the former queen of the stage in her then stately dignity was surpassed by this newer one, surrounded as she was by her children, their toys, and dogs, all in such a perfect setting. The house is a rambling one, of stone, picturesquely located, yet quite apart from the main thoroughfare. It was discovered by artists long ago, and still retains its original beauty and architecture. In '12 Mary Anderson returned to America for a fortnight to witness the production of "The Garden

of Allah" by Robert Hichens with whom she collaborated. She first saw the possibilities for a strong play, and persuaded the author to adapt it. For five seasons it had a run and is still a drawing card for any producer.

"A Few Memories" from her pen in '96 is a valuable book, containing a comprehensive narrative of the stage as she found it. It was written at odd moments, and dedicated to her husband, and no wonder, for he has given her a home hard to surpass, and quite in contrast to the stuffy dressing room where we first met. "Our Mary" she will always be called until the final curtain.

Sothern and Marlowe

One of the happy surprises of the season of '19 was the return to the stage of that well equipped pair, Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern, son of the only Lord Dundreary in memory's hall. He wrote a chatty article not long ago headed "My Remembrances" in which he tells of his early start, and he departs from the average writer in decrying his own work. He tells of his first play "Out of the Hunt" and mentions some members in the cast — Richard Mansfield for one (then



E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE
in "Romeo and Juliet"

twenty-four) also Joseph Haworth, who became a popular favorite and died years too soon. In humorous vein he writes of his alleged shortcomings, later failures, and of his attempt to write a play called "Whose are They," and of his efforts to produce it. He quotes a London critic who said "Talent is seldom hereditary; a lamentable instance of this is to be seen at the Royalty where Sothern appears." However this did not disturb so much as more material things. He came to America when quite young, and we all know where he stands today. I saw him first in "One of Our Girls" with Helen Dauvray at the Park theatre October 4, '86.

He was devoted to the late Charles Frohman and took his death keenly. Sothern was one of the last to receive a letter from him, in which he spoke of sailing and urged Mr. and Mrs. Sothern to accompany him. The letter closes thus. "So far as I am concerned, when you consider the stars I have managed, a mere submarine makes laugh." Meantime a letter from London reached Julia Marlowe begging her not to sail as the Germans had already tried to torpedo the Lusitania at her Liverpool dock. Frohman knew of this warning, yet went, and his last words are historic. "Why fear death? it is the most beautiful adventure in life."

In the "Life of Charles Frohman" published in '16 one finds much to ponder on. We are indebted to him for developing players like Maud Adams and her like, still with us. Julia Marlowe has ever been a star; born in England, educated here, and made her first appearance in a Juvenile Opera Company in '82. It was in '97 I first saw her, and as Juliet — a notable performance which won favor at the outset, and now we have her again in all her ripened beauty.

The Barrymores

Maurice Barrymore and his gifted wife, Georgie Drew, left a rich inheritance for their children Ethel, Lionel and John, happily before us with ever increasing art, a credit to stage and screen. No better plays were given the public during the past two seasons than "Peter Ibbetson," "The Copperhead," "The Jest" and — for Ethel — "Declasse" — all unique in their line, the last named play now being on the screen with Miss Barrymore.

When very young they began to do stunts, even essaying "Camille" at a barn show — admission two cents. Since their amateur days they have touched comedy, tragedy, and the poetic drama with never a backward step. They have essayed



Julia Arthur as Tereswale

JULIA ARTHUR

and created roles in plays by Ibsen, Tolstoi, Gals-worthy and their like — to say nothing of Shakespeare. Probably no family in America is so intimately connected with the stage as the Drew-Barrymores. There is John Drew, his daughter Louise, his niece Georgie Drew Mendum and the Barrymore trio. Mrs. John Drew, the elder, of blessed memory, lived to a ripe old age. I have seen them all in various plays and joyously recall Daly's company with the lamented Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert and John Drew, who is the sole survivor of that imperishable company. The Barrymores have contributed notably to the screen — of which more anon — and are rightly called "Broadway's Royal Family."

Julia Arthur

Our neighbor Canada has reason to feel proud of Julia Arthur whose distinctly high class work on the stage has ever been a delight for the playgoer, and a credit to any country claiming her. My first glimpse of her was in "A Lady of Quality" more than twenty years ago, and my last was in "Seremonda" in '16, in which she did not look one day older, was even more beautiful in her ripened

womanhood, and such a treat to the eye and ear! This brought Julia Arthur back to the stage in the type of play associated with her greatest fame as an actress, the good old style of drama that told of the days "when knights were bold and hearts never cold." The stage had not seen such plays since her retirement on her marriage to a Boston business man, and it welcomed her with fervor. Who but Julia Arthur, with her selected company, perfectly balanced, could give a public of today such a feast and in blank verse, too! Presumably the author, Mr. William Lindsey, had her in mind for the creation of the title role.

"The Eternal Madgalene," however, was the play actually celebrating her return to the footlights, but this we did not see. While Julia Arthur comes of Welsh and Irish stock and was born in Ontario, her dramatic experiences have been acquired on the boards of American playhouses. She is perhaps the best beloved woman on the stage today, intelligent in a high degree, sympathetic, tolerant and helpful to others. Some of her views on success are: "It is not so much what you gain for yourself, but what you accomplish for others; the man or woman who thinks only of personal glory cannot give the best that is in them, as their efforts are limited." Again

she says: "With me, acting is forgetting myself. I have never been self-centred or tried to develop a pose or affectation. My policy has been to do things because I loved to do them, and to avoid high tension. That is why I enjoy my profession."

Readers know well the parts she has played in Shakespearian productions, in support of such players as Terry and Irving, and in the romantic drama, in repertoire under A. M. Palmer, also that she created several roles as in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "More than Queen," "Lady of Quality," in which she was selected by the author of the book, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, for the heroine, a character which gave full scope to her talents. In Bernhardt, Julia Arthur found her model and inspiration. "Her art," she declares, "is superb, it is reliable, it is exact, yet she manages to give the impression of impetuous passion." Julia Arthur is one of the big players to adorn the screen first in pictures for the Government as a volunteer, then as the martyr nurse Edith Cavell—a five reel picture already seen by millions—and in Canada, where she made a personal appearance in connection and on her native heath. It is hoped that some enterprising producer will give us "Sermonda," that her work in this classic may be im-

mortalized. She is one of the most approachable women, entirely unspoiled by adulation, and capable for many years to come, to delight us and give dignity to the stage and screen.

Nance O'Neil

Nance O'Neil possesses all the ingredients of a tragedienne, yet runs the gamut of emotion, as few have done "in her day and generation." She led somewhat of a wandering career until she drifted into the hands of Belasco who put her forth in "The Lily," the play which had a long run, and in which she concealed her beauty for art's sake. Her recent work in "The Passion Flower" proves her worth, and claim to being one of our strongest players. It was Agnes Booth who a few years ago recognized her ability, and so she took a personal interest and transferred her to the Tremont theatre then managed by John B. Schoeffel, and thus established a huge following.

Viola Allen

C. Leslie Allen, who died in '17 after a notable career as character actor in the old Boston theatre stock, had much to do with the training of his daughter Viola, who seems to have retired since her marriage to Peter Duryea. She created several

parts, and played leads before 20. Later in '05 we saw her in "The Winter's Tale" playing Hermione and Perdita, the latter exceptionally well. She was supported by her father and by Henry Jewett, who played King Leonites. "The White Sister" was her long suit although many preferred her work in "The Christian." We last saw her in "A Daughter of Heaven" in New York. She had a brief try at the screen, doing "The White Sister" but was not over successful. There are others who have failed lamentably before the camera, while doing effective work on the speaking stage — and vice versa.

Margaret Anglin

Canada also gave "The States" Margaret Anglin and as in the case of Maude Adams she fell under the spell and guidance of Charles Frohman. It chanced that he saw her in a performance at the Empire Theatre School of Acting, became impressed with her work, and at once cast her in "Shenandoah." There's a start for you! Then she went with James O'Neill, E. H. Sothern, Richard Mansfield, and so on, all the time gaining in achievement and popularity. The public, especially the feminine portion, liked her best in such plays as "The Awakening of Helena Richie" a splendid adaptation of

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Margaret Deland's book, and in "Green Stockings," but it was in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" that she displayed the emotional ability called for, and so she has continued in that form of play. A famous New York critic likened Miss Anglin's Camille second only to that of Bernhardt. It was not our good fortune to see her in this, but I fancy the critic was right in his opinion. In passing, it is of interest to know that two of the plays mentioned have been successfully screened, the first named with Ethel Barrymore, one of the best things she has done thus far before the camera. "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was portrayed by Pauline Frederick, but not so satisfactory in some detail as the other. Frank Losee that sterling stage and screen actor was in support of Miss Frederick. Rumor for some time has had it that Margaret Anglin is to enter the screen field as producer as well as player, that she had purchased a site and would produce such classics as "Medea," presented at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, California. Surely the work of this gifted woman is more than worth while and should be seen by a larger following than now. Parts to recall with unbounded pleasure are Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Mansfield and "Zira" (the rechristened New Magdalen) with Frank Worthing.

Maude Adams

Who will ever forget "Peter Pan" and Maude Adams' interpretation of this elfish character, or her fine work in "The Little Minister" which gave such joy to the author, Sir James Barrie, who, they say, is writing a play especially fitted to her talents. In Rostand's "Chanticleer" she did not meet with the hoped for success, and this had an effect on her, hard to overcome. As she is the very essence of femininity the part of a rooster did not seem to fit — in fact it jarred on us all. With recovering health the public hopes again to show its appreciation of her unusual gifts. Mr. William Seymour tells me that Maude Adams played the child Adrienne in "A Celebrated Case" in San Francisco in '78 with Forrest Robinson, F. F. Mackey, Lewis Morrison, James O'Neill, Rose Wood and others, as proven by a program before me, so she began quite young.

VII

BIG MOMENTS

THERE are vivid recollections of many theatres, here and there, away from our home city, both in this country and abroad where we sat at the feet of the truly great. Happening in Paris in the early '90's it was an unusual privilege to see Sarah Bernhardt for the first time, and as Camille. To my mind she is the wonder of the age — think of it, appearing quite recently with much of the vigor of yore at nearly four score, to say nothing of being a cripple. In addition to being en tour in '19 she completed a bust of Rostand as a labor of love for the French Academy. Volumes have been written of her art and versatility as actress and sculptor. The screen too has been fortunate in commanding her talents, so that her work may be perpetuated in pantomime at least. It is regrettable that she has not been filmed in this country, that better results might have been attained. However we have one remarkably good

B I G M O M E N T S

picture, in "Mothers of France," taken too in that country, one scene actually done under fire during the war and another in front of the Rheims Cathedral showing the statue of Joan of Arc as she still appears in bronze, and unhurt by German guns.

Some performances come readily to mind like "The Shaughran" with the only Boucicault; "Rip Van Winkle" with dear Joe Jefferson and now done well by one of his sons; "The Scarlet Letter" with Richard Mansfield; "The Middleman" played by that finished actor E. S. Willard, supported by one of our own actresses, Marie Burroughs, a beauty and finished player. A marked feature of Willard's work stands out, and may well be emulated for art's sake. He refused to take a curtain call for himself, but kept well within the character, never facing the house. The spectacle of Hamlets and Juliets suddenly coming to life, bowing and scraping to the claque in front, detracts from the effect of the play itself, according to this gifted actor, and it is a pity there are not more of his like. Then Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals"; Janauschek in all she did; young Salvini's "Three Guardsmen," John McCullough's "Virginius"; "Jim the Penman" with Agnes Booth; the Kendals in "A Scrap of Paper," and now in our recent day

“The Lily” for Nance O’Neil under Belasco; “Kismet” with Otis Skinner; “Peter Ibbetson” for the Barrymore brothers; and “Lincoln” by that young Englishman, John Drinkwater.

Not to be forgotten is James A. Herne in “Shore Acres.” He was a man worth knowing and he was greatly aided by his equally gifted wife now living. All theatre goers of the last generation will recall “Margaret Fleming,” put on in old Chickering Hall, Boston, May 4, ’91. It was not a perfect play, but it had Ibsen-like qualities, was dramatic, with touches of comedy and pathos, played with marvellous skill. It excited a bit of a sensation in one spot when Margaret Fleming became a wet nurse for an illegitimate child. There are two daughters, Crystal and Julie, both on our stage, inheriting dramatic gifts. It is good to know that this play has been transferred to the screen with Edward Connelly, an old friend of the Hernes, in his former part. The play was given over to Mr. Connelly recently by Mrs. Herne.

Some Hamlets

A play to stand out as seen rather oftener than any other is Hamlet and what a long list, leaving out the amateurs! Edwin Booth happened to be



JOHN CRAIG

As Hamlet

B I G M O M E N T S

the first to see, at the Boston Museum; then came Charles Fechter at the Globe theatre, Boston, in '70, when Charlotte LeClerq played Ophelia! Since then, I have seen Wilson Barrett, that virile actor from England; James E. Murdock; E. H. Sothern; Sir John Forbes-Robertson, who came the nearest to Booth in my opinion up to that time. John Craig gave an admirable performance at his theatre, the then Castle Square, and now Walter Hampden is credited with much glory in his interpretation.

It was quite by chance that I happened in New York City en route to California in '88 when the notable benefit was tendered Lester Wallack, which can never be duplicated — certainly not as to personnel of the participants. The play was "Hamlet" with Edwin Booth in the title role, Modjeska as Ophelia; Frank Mayo and Gertrude Kellogg as the king and queen; Eben Plympton as Laertes; Lawrence Barrett as the ghost; John Gilbert as Polonius; Rose Coghlan as the player queen; Joseph Wheelock as the first actor; Joe Jefferson and William J. Florence as the gravediggers. Wallack when called out was visibly affected, yet every word was distinctly heard by all. Alas, the final curtain fell for him a few weeks later.

VIII

VETERANS

TAKE F. F. Mackey, for example, as a veteran of the stage. Though no longer playing, he is interested and active along many lines, and a fine example of well preserved vigor with sixty years to his credit on the stage. He once said "The two most potent factors today are the pulpit and the stage." Surely as a Christian gentleman and a finished player he ought to be a good judge. For more than thirty years, he has given unpaid service to the Actors Fund of America, and at last accounts was still active as president and director of the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art, Elocution and Oratory. He attends the meetings of his clubs, like the Green Room and Players, and is keenly alert to all that goes on. His two sons Edward and Charles hold up the family good name, and both are competent players.

Dear old Mrs. Whiffen was last seen in a screen play, "Barbara Frietchie," with Mary Miles Minter,



ADA GILMAN



MRS. THOMAS WHIFFEN

V E T E R A N S

they being at the time the oldest and youngest to shine in filmdom. Her career with both Frohmans will be recalled in such plays as "Hazel Kirke" "The Charity Ball," and "The Amazons," in which I have seen her, also in support of Henry Miller, Margaret Mannering, Margaret Anglin and others. Though educated for the opera she preferred the stage and first appeared as a fairy in "Turco the Terrible" in the '60's. Her son Thomas Whiffen inherits her ability along lighter lines and has been in Broadway successes such as "Three Twins" with Bessie McCoy-Davis.

When very young it was my privilege to see Genevieve Ward in "Forget-me-not" and no other, save Rose Coghlan, has done the part so well. She played Stephanie more than 3000 times, is now past four score, and in private life is the Countess de Guerbel. She first appeared in musical plays like "La Traviata" in '62. She has written an interesting book on her career.

Frank Bacon now considered the foremost character actor on both stage and screen and, linked with his successful play "Lightnin'" which broke the season's record in New York City, is entitled to special mention. Then I must not forget Mary Davis who at 80 played in "Old Lady 31," her

voice reaching to every part of the theatre. Charles Kent is another surviving member of the Boston Museum, who retired from the speaking stage ten or more years ago for the screen. He excels in parts calling for dignity, as Southern Colonels and the like. Eugenie Blair and Minna Gale Haines, though not lining up as veterans, are growing older gracefully and still dependable. They supported Mary Young Craig in her best play "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer" which went from the Arlington theatre to Broadway.

Rachel Noah (Mrs. Shirley France) is approaching four score, yet busy teaching dramatic art in Boston. She was a member of the old Boston theatre stock company in the days of "Michael Strogoff" and has supported Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Barrett and such players. Maude Granger, beautiful as ever, is still playing. She created a part in last season's play "Pollyanna" and she radiates harmony. It is this actress who discovered Ada Rehan, took her to Daly, who cast her for the hag, in "La Noir." Readers know to what that led toward immortalizing the name of Daly's stock company.

George Wilson, one of the best character actors of the Museum days, is frequently met. During



CHRISTINE NILSSEN



RACHEL NOAH



MAUD GRANGER



V E T E R A N S

the World War he gave all his costumes to the theatre at Camp Devens. The last time I saw him on the stage was in "Capt. Barrington," Victor Mapes' play, which had quite a run in Boston in '03 with a fine cast, including Joseph Kilgour who played George Washington, and Charles Richman who doubled in the title role and one other.

Ada Gilman, one of only a few of the Museum company of the late '60's, is alive, and content to retire after fifty years of the footlights. She was privileged to support Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Wallack and their like. She played Rosa Leigh in "Rosedale" when Lawrence Barrett was Eliot Grey, and made a hit in "The Ticket of Leave Man" at the Globe theatre. In the cast were Mrs. W. J. Florence, F. F. Mackey, John T. Raymond, Mrs. Thomas Barry, and W. E. Sheridan. Her first appearance was made at 19 in "Sweetheart and Wives" in '68, with the Museum company in the days of Vincent and Warren. In recent years she has appeared off and on, and was for a time with George Cohan. Her last appearance in Boston was in "The House of Glass," at the Park Square theatre. She is cheery as ever and active in doing good.

IX

STOCK COMPANIES

ONE of the best actors of our day, George Arliss, thoroughly approves of stock companies (if quoted correctly) as the best sort of training school to graduate players. He predicts that the time will come for a demonstration of this — in fact it has already. He further says that the day is approaching when at least one stock company will prevail in every large city, that it will travel about each year for three months, and return home to keep up the work. George Foster Platt has done well along this line, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. John Craig, with his talented wife Mary Young, achieved more than local prominence in Boston, with their admirable stock company at the former Castle Square theatre, now the Arlington to which they returned in the fall of '19 in repertoire and new plays. Players of national prominence owe much to their training in that company. Mr. Craig for several seasons offered a money prize



Edgar L. Davenport

EDGAR L. DAVENPORT



Gingerly
Marie Burress

MARIE BURRESS



Sydney Booth

SYDNEY BOOTH



With sincere regards
Isabelle Eveson

ISABELLE EVESON

STOCK COMPANIES

for new plays written by Harvard students and others, like "Common Clay," "Believe me Zantippe," "End of the Bridge" and their like.

Then we have Henry Jewett, that splendidly equipped English actor who took hold of the former Toy Theatre, re-named it the Copley, organized a company of players, and established a clientele like that of the old Museum days. He, too, has put on new plays running the gamut from Shaw, Ibsen and the like to lighter pieces. Readers know well of the old Boston theatre under L. R. Shewell and what that meant to the world of theatre goers. Then the lamented Daly's company, which opened the Shakespeare Memorial theatre at Stratford-on-Avon in '88. Alas, only John Drew remains of that cast. In the lobby of this theatre is a full length life size painting of Ada Rehan, the gift of Augustin Daly. She is pictured in her greatest part, Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew." Before me is a large poster picturing that company and purchased on the spot for only a shilling. Not to be overlooked is the Union Square with such players as Sara Jewett, Charles R. Thorne, and their like; the Madison Square under A. M. Palmer, with Agnes Booth, Marie Burroughs, E. M. Holland, May Robson, C. P. Flockton and many who

achieved prominence; The Empire, and so on — their history having been well written by abler pens.

Henry Jewett declares against the star system in his repertoire theatre, for the reason that too often he or she is merely the result of personality instead of real ability. For this reason, presumably, he has acquired a group of players of ability who are dependable as well as versatile. Mr. Jewett is an Australian by birth and his story reads like fiction. He began to read and study Shakespeare when a lad and made a record on the stage before coming to this country. I first saw him in "The Christian" as John Storm and again, season after season. To the later playgoer he will be more readily recalled for his work as the Russian Duke in "The Man from Home" with William Hodge for several years. He has supported Julia Marlowe, and equally good players, and was seen last on the stage at his own theatre in "The Chinese Puzzle." His whole time is now devoted to the work of manager-director. His company is made up of English players largely, all of experience, and they have established a personal as well as artistic following.

SCENE FROM "The Schoolmistress" AT BOSTON MUSEUM, October 12, '91

Left to right — Charles Barron; George C. Boniface; Edgar L. Davenport; Evelyn Campbell; Kate Ryan; Junius Brutus Booth; Agnes Acres; Ida Glenn; Miriam O'Leary; Charles Abbe; Edward Wade; George Wilson; Franklin Hallett.



X

THE SINGERS

SHARING in my affections are the singing players, beginning with the immortal Patti, who died so recently at a ripe old age, her ardor undimmed. Many is the time we have paid good money to hear her so-called "farewells," notably at the Boston theatre, and we often had to stand. This was no easy task as the floor began to slope from the rear walls to orchestra, and it was necessary to improvise a prop (usually our outer garment) to avoid cramp or pitching forward. Well it was worth it, for she was not only a great singer, but good to look at, with her lustrous brown eyes and girlish figure, retained to the end. I heard her in all the operas given in Boston, and oh my, didn't she draw houses, all musical Italy in the North End colony turning out to fill the "nigger Heaven" at popular prices. Her sister Carlotta made America at least one visit, and was the teacher, friend and adviser of the late Teresa Carreno who

also left us in '19. Patti was only seven when she first appeared, in no less a song than "Comin' Through the Rye," receiving, instead of flowers, a big doll. The world knows of her art and picturesque triumphs in spite of her early poverty and struggles. At 60 she made her re-appearance in New York City at a concert and what a house!

Christine Nilsson is alive and in her beloved Sweden, having retired from the vocal stage many years ago. She was called "The Swedish Nightingale," tall, fair, a perfect Marguerite, needing almost no make-up, and always wearing her own blonde tresses. "Faust" was the only opera I saw her in but I later attended a concert in New York City at the Metropolitan Opera House when her voice broke. It was her last public appearance and the utmost sympathy was felt; even the critics abstained from comments that reflected, so great was the respect felt for her.

At 21 she sang "Violetta" in Paris, and had the musical world of the continent at her feet. Then she came to this country — the second song-bird — Jenny Lind being the first and before my time for theatre going. Like the actress Lotta, she dabbled in real estate and until recently owned property



MARY GARDEN
AN ORNAMENT TO STAGE AND SCREEN



THE SINGERS

in the business district of Boston. She was twice married and is now the Countess Miranda.

Clara Louise Kellogg was one of our favorites and how she and Brignoli brought down the house, especially in Italian opera. Parepa Rosa was slightly known to me through the Boston Peace Jubilee, when I sang in the chorus. "Them were the days." To go back a bit to the close of the first jubilee in '69, I had the courage to ask the diva to fasten my glove, which she did with a big hug. Hers was a personality worth while, and she was the embodiment of good nature. Following the second jubilee in '72 there was a ball given for the chorus, and those of us alive will never forget dancing "The Blue Danube" waltz, the band led by the composer Strauss — some rhythm! Then, the dance was worth while, and not a series of evolutions such as exist today.

Another splendid all round singer and musician is Helen E. H. Carter-Wright, pictured in this book as Serpolette in "The Chimes of Normandy." She created several roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and was in constant demand as a concert and oratorio singer when active. At 13 she attracted attention in the quartette of the late Henry Clay Barnabee, who practically founded the Boston

Ideal Opera Company, later the Bostonians, the fame of which cannot be diminished. Mrs. Wright, then known all over the country as Helen Carter, was with the late Carl Zerrahn, whose name spells music. She also had her own company for awhile and always had a position either in church or concert work. Her daughter, May Shepard Hayward, inherits her mother's musical ability and is a successful soloist and teacher.

Of the newer generation of course comes Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden, Alice Neilson who was discovered by Barnabee and brought out by him, and scores like Calve and Emma Juch come to mind — all in the public eye. We must never forget Minnie Hauk now old, blind and neglected too many years. To the credit of "Gerry" Farrar, a fund has been raised to insure her future comfort.

Apart from the stars, who are too numerous to mention, there are excellent singers still in our midst like Annie Louise Cary, who hails from Maine, which gave us such wonderful prima donnas as Nordica and Emma Eames, the latter happily with us. Annie Cary retired in her very prime, much to the regret of world wide admirers, and her golden contralto voice has had no counterpart, unless we except the diva Mme. Schumann-Heink, who has



HELEN E. H. CARTER-WRIGHT



The late MRS. SOL SMITH



T H E S I N G E R S

so delighted us. Annie Cary married Charles M. Raymond, a New York man, in '81, and resides in Connecticut. Her Boston relative, Flora Barry, is rounding out her 85th year and annually celebrates that event.

XI

THE AMATEURS

ENTION should be made of known graduates from the ranks of the amateurs who have made good on the legitimate stage, like Stuart Baird, whose dramatic ability was recognized by Winthrop Ames, who induced him to give up a business career for the footlights. Donald Bryan — he of “The Merry Widow” and “Buddies” fame, known for his nimble feet, and charm of personality — was comparatively unknown as to stage training, but hit it “right from the start.” Without doubt the greatest impersonator of the feminine roles is Julien Eltinge who has been called “the handsomest woman on the stage.” The best thing about him, apart from his inimitable art in make-up, is his utter manliness away from the footlights. “No sissy about that chap” said a Londoner following one of his plays. He began his career as an amateur in the Boston Bank Officers Association annual shows. These three men stand out



BERTHA WESSELHOEFT SWIFT
As Falstaff

MEMBER OF THE PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB OF BOSTON



through personal acquaintance with their work, but doubtless there are others who have not come my way.

Perhaps the best impersonator of male roles before us today is still in the ranks of the amateur, though she had some experience on the regular stage long ago. She is Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift of Boston and is widely known in New York dramatic circles as an early member of The Twelfth Night Club. She is a singer and teacher, with strong personality and marked temperament. Annually The Professional Women's Club, of which she is vice-president, puts on a pretentious play or light opera and Miss Swift leads in male roles. Their first play was "Masks and Faces" when Adelaide Ford Hibbard made her debut from the platform, which led to the legitimate stage, which she so ably adorned as an actress of versatility. They put on "As You Like It" coached by Marie Burress Currier, formerly leading woman at the Museum. Then came "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Miss Swift as Falstaff as pictured in this book. She was coached by Thomas Wise and wore one of his costumes. "School for Scandal" was given in '19 and "The Rivals" is their latest success — this play coached by Kate Ryan who again played

STAGE AND SCREEN

Mrs. Malaprop much to the delight of her large following. The club talent is drawn upon exclusively, as there are a number of actresses enrolled, also singers of wide repute. Lotta Crabtree and Julia Arthur are honorary members for the drama.



Struise-Pyda & Co. 1901

JULIAN ELTINGE



XII

IN LIGHTER VEIN

AVOLUME might be written of those who have delighted a big public during the last decade in lighter plays, like extravaganzas, musical comedies and the like. They are too numerous even to mention in any detail. There was Marie Jansen, The Weathersby sisters, delicious Francis Wilson, and his always fine company, Pauline Hall, Lulu Glasser, petite Ida Mulle, Adele Ritchie, Tom Seabrooke, Harry Dixey, Della Fox, Geraldine Ulmer, Lillian Russell, Otis Harlan, Nat Goodwin, Sadie Martinot, George Schiller, the Ideal Opera Company with Barnabee, who has left an interesting book, "My Wanderings," full of humor. Now we have the piquant Elsie Janis to delight us we hope for a long time, on both stage and screen. Her name is high on the list of War workers and she has the entire A. E. F. to call friends.

A word more of Lillian Russell, the perennial beauty who simply refuses to grow old. She is a

marvel, in that she keeps her heart ever young, and her mind above petty things. Her mother was Cynthia Leonard, a woman of literary ability, whose writings have been lovingly put into book form, and sent to family friends and others. The late Nat Goodwin paid as high a tribute to Lillian Russell as one can hope to find anywhere. He called her a "beautiful and much misunderstood woman" and further said, "She is the fairest actress that ever shared applause with a brother or sister artist and possesses all the attributes that make a true woman." I first saw her at the Boston Museum in "Billee Taylor" in '85 and then never missed an attraction in which she figured.

Another active player on stage and screen is Fannie Ward who looks 30, and is really the mother of a married daughter. In this book she is pictured at the age of 17 when playing with Harry Dixey, just before she went to London, where she met and married Joe Lewis, the diamond broker. Her big screen play was "The Cheat," spoken of elsewhere.

Of Fleeting Vision

There have been a few players of meteoric careers, like Lily Langtry called in her young days "The Jersey Lily." She is the daughter of a clergyman,

was a great beauty, and made her entrée into London society under the patronage of the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward. She came to America in '87, opening at the Boston theatre, and was certainly good to look at. She was probably the most interviewed woman at the time. She invested in real estate in California, also in race horses, and acquired the title of "Queen of the Turf." As an actress she was not much of a success.

Another who had a brief but exotic career was Mrs. James Brown Potter who was supported by one of the best leading men of the day — the late Kyrle Bellew. She first astonished society by reciting entire the poem "Osler Joe." She had a beauty of the audacious type; she went abroad years ago to remain. Another beauty with undoubted talent who comes to mind is Margaret Mather, whom I first saw as Juliet at the Boston theatre in '84, supported by the young Salvini, that splendid Italian actor. Mrs. Leslie Carter was much in the theatrical eye for many seasons, but seems to have retired. She had quite a following in such successes as "Zaza," "The Heart of Maryland," and some more or less bizarre plays, and we miss her.

XIII

A SUM-UP

IT has been said and truly that among the chief drawbacks to the actor's profession, is the fact that he leaves behind him nothing by which the measure of his talents can be properly gauged by posterity. True it is, that many playgoers hold the great players in memory, but there is ever the newer generation which believes nothing not tangible to eye and ear. The cinema comes now to remedy that — but alas, present day players may imitate and create parts, yet cannot reproduce the varied traits of the great tragedians of the days of Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Salvini and their like. This newer generation has only hearsay evidence of what those artists stood for in their day.

Well, why look backward anyhow, someone says. Let me quote that prince of critics, Philip Hale, referring to Forrest and the like. "What would the playgoer of today say to Charlotte Cushman's Lady Macbeth? Would he be thrilled by E. L.

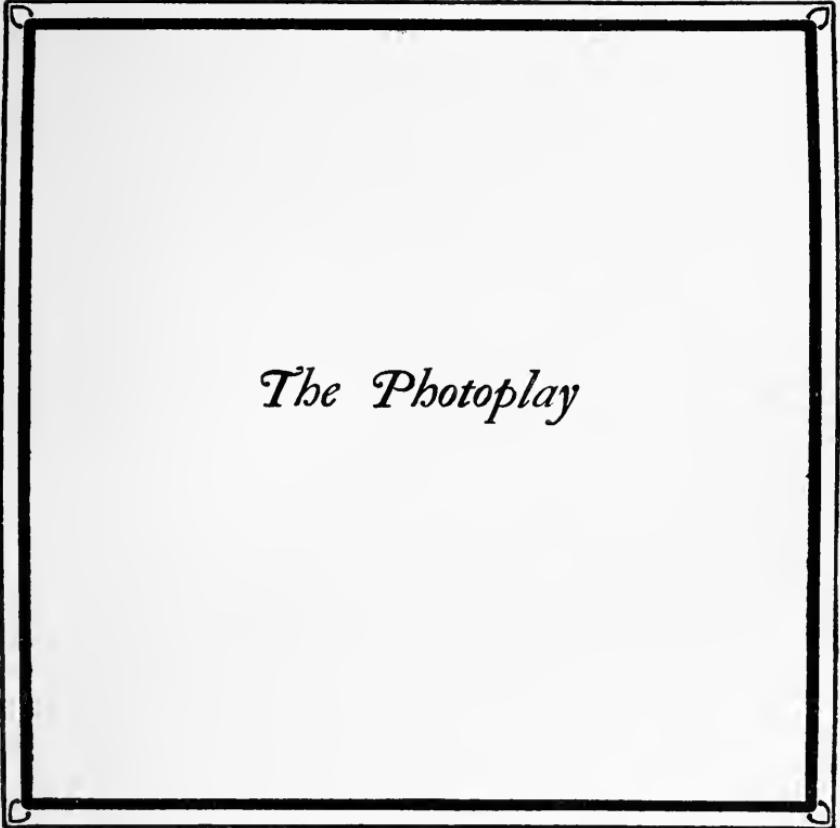
Davenport's Sir Giles Overreach? Would Adelaide Neilson work her spell? Would not the 'Black Crook' (decreed as immoral then) be voted tame today? Would Lydia Thompson and her British blondes draw young blood to the theatre and would George L. Fox as Hamlet, Macbeth and Richelieu excite uproarious laughter? Here's enough for sad thinking."

Tastes and demands of the hour have changed, and playgoers are seemingly satisfied with reigning successes. Many assert that we still have great talent, while others deplore the decadence of the drama as they see it in perspective. To me, the drama is as attractive as ever, and will be, while we have such players in our midst as E. H. Sothern and his gifted wife, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske (Minnie Maddern), Otis Skinner, Henry Miller, Grant Mitchell, Mary Shaw, Julia Arthur, Margaret Anglin, Leo Carillo, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, Cyril Maude, George Arliss, Leo Ditrichstein, John Drew, Nazimova, Sir John Forbes-Robertson, the delightful Barrymores, Rose Coghlan and, oh, ever so many more, to say nothing of the promising young players in the public eye whom I may have overlooked.

Why inject bugbears, and live in the past anyhow!



McClure
Gail



The Photoplay



I

THE SILENT DRAMA

GOD'S Great Picture Book" is what a Massachusetts clergyman designates the screen. It is more than that — for it not only gives us scenic beauty visualized, but it goes farther than the printed page. Already, motion pictures are shown in our schoolrooms, church vestries, and elsewhere, outside the theatres, for educational, enlightening and religious purposes. While this is being written, none other than that master mind, David Wark Griffith, is preparing a spectacle built upon an episode in the Bible. It is already known that the Bible, with its 1189 chapters, is to be filmed from cover to cover, in a series of 52 pictures by Raymond Wells. A city is to be built, if not already completed, on one of the hills of California, to be named Jerusalem. This is not in any sense another "Passion Play," but 100 reels of Bible life in animation. Probably some of the scenes will be in color, so rapidly is that end of the art ad-

vancing. The Prizma films are a treat to the eye, and the late Theodore Roosevelt, on seeing one made in Arizona said, "Here we have a gigantic paint pot of nature, scenery unparalleled throughout the world."

Well do I recall the travel reels put out by that Frenchman, Charles Pathe, picturing Northern France and Belgium in colors, and made before any desecration by the German army. How fortunate we have these pictures for posterity! We also owe a debt to Burton Holmes, the super-cameraman, who continues to take us to unexplored countries we may never see in person. A picture showing the Rhine, taken before the war, caused this remark from a couple back of me: "Say, it cost us about \$2,000 to go up the Rhine and we never got near that wonderful spot." "I should say not," said his companion; "and to think we are seeing it here for 25 cents." A patron across the aisle said she thought it all wrong to show children bathing there without clothing. So much for the calibre of certain ones who assume to dictate what we may or may not see! "To the pure all things are pure"—even nude children.

Times have indeed changed since Shakespeare said "All the world's a stage" for now we have that



ALLA NAZIMOVA,
in "The Brat"

utterance in fact through the cinema. In the old days of the little intimate theatre, the house had to imagine suitable settings to the dramatic action of the players. Now we have all countries shown us in scenery, salty oceans, climatic conditions, tall forests, noted mountains, and all that makes up the universe, to say nothing of flesh and blood men and women with their pantomimic art. Then, too, think of the boon it is to those enduring mental troubles and to the deaf. It is to them what music is to the blind, besides being a pretty good cure for the "blues," for the time being anyhow.

It is of interest to note the utterances of prominent men and women who value the screen, in preserving for posterity the art of great players. "I believe thoroughly in the motion picture, present and future. It is the most democratic of arts — a new one composed of the co-operative efforts of author, director, photographer and actor" says Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of one of the best books and screen plays of '19, "Twenty-three and One-Half Hours' Leave."

None other than Alla Nazimova has this to say: "Many of the greatest actors and actresses have held themselves aloof from the screen, assuming an air of superiority — a great mistake, it is suicidal.

STAGE AND SCREEN

None of us want to feel that when our years of acting have ended, we will be forgotten, yet this is inevitable, unless we take advantage of the opportunity offered by the camera. Nor is this mere egotism, but an appreciation of the fact that now we have a chance to contribute our offerings to the world's permanent art."

The day has passed for disparaging words against the screen plays. Oftentimes we have heard persons acknowledge seeing a picture, prefacing the remark with an apology for having gone, yet at the same time extolling the play. Actors by the thousands have openly sneered at the pictures, declaring they would "never get into the things," they felt so sure of their jobs—maybe. It is difficult today to find many players of note who have not made the venture, successful or otherwise, the list being much smaller of those on the outside than within. Then came alleged reformers, who set up a howl about the evils and menace of the motion pictures, yet who sit calmly through silly lingerie, bed room and semi-nude presentations, paying high prices too, with never a qualm or quiver of an eyelash. When such pictures are shown on the screen, oh my, what a difference! Take "The Scarlet Letter," that masterpiece of Hawthorne.



MAXINE ELIOTT



JANE COWL



MME. PETROVA



NANCE O'NEIL

When screened the amalgamated moralists yelled "Unfit to see." Another type, looking for trouble and evil, declared that picture houses were too dark and crimes were usually committed in darkness; that the average child is tempted by what he sees on the screen, failing to realize that he might be impressed and tempted in the opposite direction. Among the countless lessons taught in the films, even for adults, are the triumph of right over wrong, care of dumb beasts, birds and the like, to say nothing of the lessons taught in geography depicting God's country from Maine to California and all around the world.

Bertha Kalich says, "The picture is a foe to ignorance, is building and creating a new literature of its own, and is wonderful propaganda, an un-studied portrayer of the right and wrong things to do." Maxine Elliott who has been in several pictures calls the screen "Narrative Sculpture." David Griffith, an absolute authority on screen-craft, says "The truths of history today are limited to the few attending colleges and universities; the motion picture can carry these truths to the entire world, while at the same time bringing diversion to the masses. No newspaper succeeds in pleasing everybody, no motion picture dealing with moral,

religious, or educational matter can avoid offending some person's prejudice. Censors have prejudices. American citizens should be free to use their own judgment, to make their own standards, and to entertain and instruct themselves as they see fit within the limits of decency and order. The efforts of censors is to prevent this liberty."

True, some photoplays are trashy, vulgar and uninteresting to the intelligent mind, and few of us find merit in slapstick which is growing into disfavor, as people are waking up to the value of the screen. At the same time, countless beings enjoy that sort of thing, so why assume an attitude of "holier than thou"? Mack Sennett gets millions of laughs daily through his lively outputs. What's the harm? Laughter is a big tonic and saves doctors' bills — sometimes.

While the screen needs no defence or advertising, it is well to dwell on the type of men who endorse it, like the late Theodore Roosevelt who valued it to the utmost and who deplored censorship, of pictures especially, when they are already passed upon by supposedly intelligent men and women and are all within the law anyhow. He saw the good in them, and realized their constant improvement. The Hon. Franklin K. Lane, who has taken up the



CHARLES KENT



GEORGE FAWCETT



FREDERICK WARDE



HERBERT STANDING

THE SILENT DRAMA

work of Americanization, said to the motion picture men, whom he gathered around him in Washington, "You can render a greater service than schools or the press of the country, since one half million persons in the United States can neither read nor write English, but the screen speaks a universal language." He believed that persons who have plenty of resources for amusement can afford to take their pleasures lightly and can forget education, such as it happens to be, but those who are limited to the screen for their only form of amusement must look to this medium for both recreation and intellectual stimulus. Motion pictures are undoubtedly closer to the people than either literature or the drama (spoken). It was the good fortune of the screen during the World War to bring messages to eager ones all over the world and to cheer up countless homesick boys "over there." The news weeklies alone are more than worth while and are a glorification of the newspaper.

II

STOCK COMPANIES

TALK about stock companies of the stage, how about the Vitagraph company, now in its 23rd year? Albert Smith deserves mention for what he alone has contributed toward the history of the screen and he is still at his post, with the good old trademark — Vitagraph, back of him. Can you recall the names of the company of players, many of whom have graduated from from this school and become stars in other companies? Some remain, like handsome Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffith, Harry Morey, Charles Kent and Earle Williams. That company never put out a weak picture, and most of them are worthy of “repeats” for generations to come, as all are free from suggestiveness in any form. Space does not permit extended mention of the players, but can we forget Florence Turner, the English actress, the first from that country to enter the screen from the speaking stage? Rose Tapley was our first one to



ALICE BRADY



MARY MILES MINTER



CONSTANCE BINNEY



WANDA HAWLEY

STOCK COMPANIES

enter the field. She had played with Mansfield and other big players in many cities. Her initial picture was made in '05 when the pantomimic art was gaining its first recognition, but her real training came when she joined the Vitagraph company in '09 for continuous service, though she jobbed a bit for the speaking stage. Then there were Charles Richman, Joseph Kilgour, Louise Beaudet, Harry Davenport, son of E. L. Davenport, who became a director, and now is on the stage once more. His late brother Edgar did commendable work before the camera; Peggy Hyland, Frank Currier; the late Sidney Drew; his son S. Rankin Drew, who gave his life in the World War; Mrs. Drew who was Lucille McVey; Marshall Neilan, now the youngest and one of the most notable directors, whose name spells ability as evidenced in his "Daddy-Long-Legs" and more recently "The River's End"; Bessie Love; Antonio Moreno, Naomi Childers, that handsome pair Julia Swayne Gordon and Eulalie Jensen, Tom Mills, also a director, "Bob" Edeson, Virginia Pearson, Marc MacDermott, Ernest Truex, Lillian Walker, Edith Storey, Leah Baird, Anita Stewart, Bobby Connelly, and many more.

Oh, for the good old days of the Biograph and

Essanay companies! The latter put out the O. Henry pictures, and the George Ade "Fables in Slang" played by such artists as Sydney Ainsworth, Frank Glendon, Ernest Maupin and John Cossar. Then there were the Skinner stories, with Bryant Washburn, to say nothing of such players as Richard Travers, Shirley Mason, Tsura Aoki, and little Mary McAllister whose pictures ought to be seen every season, such as the series "Do Children Count?"

As to the Biograph company one cannot disconnect the name of Griffith, the discoverer of so much talent, like the Gish sisters, Bobby Harron, Miriam Cooper, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Jack Mulhall, the incomparable Mary Pickford, whose first picture was "The Violin Maker of Cremona" in '09. From that company came Henry Walthall, the "Booth of the Screen" whose work is immortalized in the "Birth of a Nation" and "The Confession." Lionel Barrymore and Thomas Jefferson were members and Donald Crisp, the "heavy" in "Broken Blossoms," and now a director.

SOME TYPES

Among many players to elevate the screen are Edith Story who supported E. H. Sothern in his picture version of "If I Were King." Perhaps



JOHN BARRYMORE



VERNON STEEL



WYNDHAM STANDING

her best picture was "The Island of Regeneration," played with "Tony" Moreno, and little Bobby Connelly as the child. Nance O'Neil has done exceptional work before the camera her art in expression and repression aiding her greatly. William Courtleigh is now seen; his young son made a hit in "Neal of the Navy" and then went out of life too soon by many years. William Courtenay has also several pictures to his credit. Edwin Stevens is another who seems in demand for heavy parts, usually of the villain type. He is an actor of prominence, like Frank Keenan, H. B. Warner and Forrest Robinson, all well known to patrons of both stage and screen. Robert Warwick lines up for versatility, starting first in musical comedies and light operas, then in the speaking play, in support of Mary Mannering and others. His screen work is of a high order. The "Heart of a Hero"—the story of Nathan Hale—is one of his best, a part of it taken in old Marblehead, for atmosphere. In a quiet way Major Warwick did effective work during the war, and made a record "over there" on the army intelligence staff at the front.

III

NOTABLE PLAYS AND PLAYERS

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE made one good picture, "Vanity Fair," most of it done in and around historic Louisburg Square, Boston — so like a bit of "Ole Lunnon." Her cousin and protégée, Emily Stevens, has made a record in several pictures, perhaps "The Slacker" being the most popular, made during the war, as it was a stimulus in itself. In my opinion "The Soul of a Woman" stands out as the most artistic, and in this was George LeGuere, an uncommonly versatile young actor. This picture had a strong moral lesson, though far from preachy. Miss Stevens first appeared on the speaking stage in '01 with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" and returns occasionally to the footlights. Marguerite Snow, beautiful as well as clever, is the wife of James Cruze, the director, and first appeared in "The College Widow"; then came "Rosemary" and others. She supported Francis X. Bushman for

awhile, and goes to the speaking stage now and then, as in "Broadway Jones," in which she created a part, along with the author, George Cohan, who has also been on the screen successfully. Anita Stewart is popular and now a star in her own right. Enid Bennett has made marked strides the past two seasons, under the direction of her husband Fred Niblo. Her "Stepping Out" with Niles Welch was one of the best plays of the past season, as it struck a keynote in domestic life, and carried a pretty good lesson along. William Faversham has been in one or two good pictures like "The Silver King" and "The Right of Way."

Elsie Ferguson, who goes from stage to screen and vice versa, is an actress par excellence, her art ever uppermost. She can take a close-up "without fear and trembling," and never requires the usually heavy make-up which too many use. Since her stage play "The Strange Woman," in '13, millions have seen her pantomimic work in pictures, sufficiently varied to suit all tastes. She can wear fine raiment, without looking like a fashion plate, and she never descends to vampire methods — perish the thought! Her "Heart of the Rose" with that finished actor Wyndham Standing is one of the best in her repertoire, and it had a patriotic

appeal. The gamut of emotions was fairly well run and such a picture is good for revival generations hence. In these too brief sketches I have little to do with the private lives of our subjects, yet it is good to say of Elise Ferguson that she is a supremely happy woman in her domestic affairs, and lives up to high standards. She is rightly called the "Patrician of the photoplay."

Thomas Meighan became a star of the first magnitude, when he appeared as the champion crook in "The Miracle Man," the last of the quartette to be converted. He has ever been a favorite, of the strong sterling type, and owes much to his training, under the Paramount banner. Truly directors have given him some choice feminine stars like Elsie Ferguson in "Heart of the Wilds"; Marie Doro in "Common Ground"; Billie Burke in "Pursuit of Polly"; Blanche Sweet in "Secret Sin"; Marguerite Clark in "Out of a Clear Sky"; Mary Pickford in "M'liss"; Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man"; and later Gloria Swanson in "Male and Female." There's the gamut for you 'in screen love making! He married Frances Ring of the Boston theatrical family of Rings, which includes Blanche, and is a lover par excellence in real, as well as in "reel" life.



ENID BENNETT (MRS. FRED NIBLO)



NOTABLE PLAYS AND PLAYERS

House Peters is another fine type of the robust actor, his best picture being "The Great Divide" done in Arizona. Douglas Fairbanks has a large following and delights in athletic stunts. Eugene O'Brien is said to make love better on the screen than any of the younger leads. Needless to say, he is vastly popular with the ladies in front, but in no sense a matinée idol, for he abhors that sort of adulation. He is at present in very "select" company with Elsie Janis, Constance Binney, Elaine Hammerstein and Wanda Hawley.

Otis Skinner, rated by critical authorities as America's foremost romantic player of the present day, is now immortalized in one of his notable plays, "Kismet," so the younger generation of "near" actors and others will be benefited. His plastic, picturesque style, buoyancy and exuberance, fit him exactly for the screen. Many temptations went his way to face the camera, before he yielded. "Kismet" in all its splendor, with the only Haji the beggar, when seen, will arouse intense interest. He is the son of a clergyman and the world of theatre-goers need no introduction regarding his place on the American stage.

The Cooper family known for generations is ably represented in this country on stage and screen.

Take H. Cooper-Cliffe whose *Nobody in "Every-woman"* was so artistic. He came here with Wilson Barrett years ago, was in support of Irving and Terry, playing many parts from opera to tragedy. He is descended from the famous Kemble family of which the late Sarah Siddons was a member. Greta Kemble Cooper in the microscopic role in "One Night in Rome," produced in '19, is a niece of Cliffe who was also in the play. Her sister Violet was with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus" and will be recalled in "Peg o' my Heart." Another sister is Lillian Kemble Cooper, heard in "Hitchy Koo" with the inimitable Raymond Hitchcock, who has done screen stunts, and there are doubtless others not known to me. H. Cooper-Cliffe has added lustre to the screen as well, and played Mansfield's part in a pictured version of "The Parisian Romance."

Monroe Salisbury is a favorite and will be recalled for his fine portrayal of the Indian, Alessandro, in "Ramona," a pretentious picturization of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel. This picture was put on for runs and had unique features, in that the stage was set with street scenes, and living people (all in color) who moved about with guitars and violins between the reels, most effectively.



WALLACE REID



Cyril Maude has been seen in his stage success, "Peer Gynt." The Tell sisters—Alma and Olive, have delighted us. Effie Shannon, widow of Herbert Kelsey, made one quite good picture, "Her Boy" another war play but quite unlike "The Slacker" in theme. Pauline Frederick has a large following, and she has never failed to please when given the right sort of picture. Petrova is unique and, like Nazimova, stands out clearly as unsurpassed along artistic lines, peculiar to her temperament. We liked "The Brat" best for the latter, though "The Heart of a Child" is conceded the better one. In most of her pictures her husband, Charles Bryant, plays the hero. He also wrote the scenario for the last mentioned. May Allison is tremendously popular. "Fair and Warmer," for Miss Allison, was one scream, but we like best to recall her work in support of the lamented Harold Lockwood. Then there's the perennial Fanny Ward, and the still lovely Lillian Russell, who simply refuse to grow old. Maxine Elliott, Lillian Russell, and Viola Allen have all faced the camera, but not with the hoped-for success.

Marguerite Clark is in a class by herself on stage and screen. Who will ever forget her in Margaret Mayo's "Baby Mine" which millions have now

seen screened, with the irrepressible Madge Kennedy? Little Clark has a large following, among adults and children. Like Mary Pickford, she commands attention of all "in front" no matter the age. We feel that Miss Clark's best picture is "Still Waters" made along the Delaware water gap, and with a real circus in action. No person seems too old to turn the hourglass back to the good old circus days. A picture that lines up with that is "Polly of the Circus" with Mae Marsh and handsome Vernon Steel, as the ministerial hero. Here too, we get the "three ring" features as in "One-Thing-at-a-time-O'Day" featuring Bert Lytell, in a clever Metro comedy. Another star who went from comedy, à la slapstick, into the competent hands of directors of straight comedy is Mabel Normand. One of her most effective pictures is "Joan of Plattsburg" taken during the war at the camp of that name, where she got mixed up with the officers during a trench drill, and incidentally rounded up German spies and found a screen husband with shoulder straps. This is a good, wholesome play, picturing actual happenings at this training school—the idea of Gen. Leonard Wood.

Henry Kolker, besides being an exceptional actor, of many parts, on both stage and screen, has now



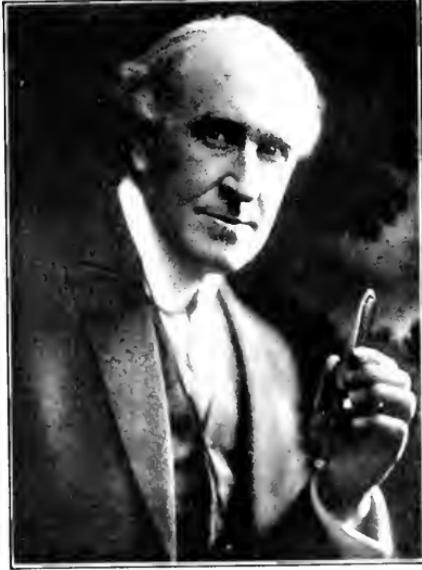
CHARLES RAY



MARGUERITE CLARK



BILLIE BURKE



THEODORE ROBERTS



become a director, as well as author and scenario writer, his skill shown in "The Third Generation" put out early this year. In this is one of the wonder-child actresses — Peggy Cartwright. Wallace Reid, son of the late eminent author, Hal Reid, who wrote "The Confession," needs no introduction, as a Paramount leading man during his screen career. He married Dorothy Davenport, daughter of Harry Davenport, therefore granddaughter of the late E. L. Davenport. His personality is compelling on the screen. Among other leading men to come to mind at the moment are the Moore brothers, Tom, Matt and Owen; Pedro de Cordoba, the Spaniard, first seen by me in support of Farrar in an early picture; Mahlon Hamilton and Thomas Holding who have played with Petrova and other big stars; Lou Tellegen, former leading man for Bernhardt, and now in support of Geraldine Farrar, his wife, "The Flame of the Desert" being their very best picture to date; George Beban; in a class by himself especially in Italian character, Niles Welch; C. Aubrey Smith seen first in "The Witching Hour" with young Jack Sherrill who has advanced so rapidly; Frank Mills, Milton Sills and that prince of lovers, Conway Tearle, are a trio with methods alike; Jack Livingstone; Hamilton Revelle

who played with Mary Garden; Monty Blue—recall his “Pettygrew’s Girl”?; W. Lawson Butt, brother of stately Clara Butt the singer, and who was in “The Miracle Man”; Pell Trenton; Jack Pickford whose best picture was “The Spirit of Seventeen”; Robert Elliott, the lover in “Joan of Plattsburg”; James Morrison; Robert Gordon, hero of “Missing” and a protégé of J. Stuart Blackton; Wheeler Oakman; John Bowers; Harrison Ford; Rod La Roque; Tom Forman, especially clever in all he does; Edward Martindell, who was first seen by me in Mary Pickford’s “The Foundling”; Rupert Julian; E. K. Lincoln; Orren Johnson; King Baggot; Edmund Breese, one of the oldtime players of the stage; Creighton Hale; J. Warren Kerrigan; William Russell; Henry Hull; James L. Crane, who married Alice Brady and her lead on stage and before the camera. He is a son of Dr. Frank Crane, author, lecturer and now on the screen in the picture “Democracy.” Then there are Dorothy Dalton, little Vivian Martin, and those dancing sprites, May Murray and Anne Pennington.

Emmy Wehlen, the dainty Austrian actress, now an American, is most artistic on both stage and screen, a convincing interpretator of character, with a charm of personality and delicacy of expres-



WINDLEY STUDIOS
FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.

E.O.B.-1

EUGENE O'BRIEN



sion, like Bessie Barriscale, another finished player. Viola Dana is gifted along many lines, and scored in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" before the screen claimed her. She also supported Thomas Jefferson in his father's masterpiece "Rip Van Winkle." Florence Vidor is one of the screen beauties greatly resembling Alice Joyce. Olive Thomas and Mildred Harris are of the dainty type with youth on their side—plus beauty. Blanche Bates gave us a taste of her pantomimic art in "The Girl of the Golden West," supported by that fine actor Hobart Bosworth.

Emma Dunn has given us a remarkable picture in her "Old Lady 31," a longtime stage success. Many newcomers are listed day by day in the press, among them Marjorie Rambeau, David Warfield, Doris Keane, Thomas Ross, Marguerite Sylva, Paul Gilmore, Martha Mansfield, Bessie McCoy-Davis and Rosalind Ivan, the list growing rapidly for both sexes.

Much talent has descended from parents to those now in the picture limelight, many with stage successes to their credit like the Barrymore trio, The Jefferson brothers, Harry Davenport and Sydney Booth, the last to bear such historic names as players; Lydia Yeamens Titus; Ethel Grey Terry, daughter

STAGE AND SCREEN

of Lillian Lawrence, who has also been on the screen; Derwent Hall Caine, son of Hall Caine; Willie Collier, Jr., who made such a hit in "The Bugle Call," a picture to see often; Florence Reed; Frank Mayo, and doubtless many more whom I do not recall.

Walter Hampden before his hit in Hamlet appeared in at least one picture — "The Warfare of the Flesh," with the late Theodore Friebus, and Marie Shotwell. William S. Hart, who is soon to retire from acting, does so many things and so well, it is hard to place him on any special list. Like Tom Mix, he runs to Western plays, yet fits well in drawing room scenes. He has a strong personality and his stunts are audacious.

Clara Kimball Young ranks very high in screen history, as conscientious, good to look at, and ever an artist. She has inherited gifts and uses them wisely. One of the best plays seen last season was her "Eyes of Youth." Her repertoire is varied, and she has had more screen lovers than any other star. Annette Kellerman the Australian swimmer has done artistic toying with the waters, and always a picture of grace and daring. Pavlowa has disclosed her art on the screen as have other dancers.



BERT LYTELL



MAY ALLISON



VIOLA DANA



TAYLOR HOLMES



IV

SCREEN CHARACTERS

SO many types appear in the silent drama that is it difficult to classify them. Theodore Roberts comes first, as a veteran and a fine example of the actor who does things well at all times; whether in the character of a villain, roué, the hard hearted father, scheming business man, or the "goody goody" sort. Raymond Hatton is another, though younger, and is exceptionally versatile. We have seen him play the King, heavy villain, crook, lover, soldier, etc., with equal skill. Take the Arbuckle men — those jolly comedians, giving us clean fun, especially Macklyn, he of the rotund figure, known to all, in many a good play like "The Reform Candidate." William Crane if he never makes another picture has "David Harum" to his credit, and it will never grow old. In this the lamented Harold Lockwood made one of his earliest appearances. The Farnum brothers both are capable of being entrusted with varied parts. Wil-

liam goes in for the virile but we like to recall his playing in "A Tale of Two Cities" and Dustin in "David Garrick," though "The Corsican Brothers" is a close rival. Charles S. Abbe, one of the few left of the Boston Museum, a versatile comedian, made us all laugh in his first screen play "Niobe," with Hazel Dawn. He started as a "supe" in "Michael Strogoff" at the old Boston theatre, and he has supported Booth. Tully Marshall is worthy of special mention, also William Tooker and Tyrone Power, first recalled on the screen in the somewhat sensational picture, "Where are my Children?", one of the early presentations of the so-called morality or problem plays, which were more or less "eye-openers" to social conditions and which the Government rightly approved of, during the war. Frank Bacon, co-author with Winchell Smith in the play "Lightnin'" which has made a record in New York's theatrical history, has a delightful personality on the screen, second only to that on the stage. Then, for middle aged men who do some character work are Charles Clary, Winter Hall, who played the Belgian King in that delightful picture play "'Till I Come Back to You" with Bryant Washburn, Florence Vidor and a troupe of kiddies. J. Barney Sherry and Charles Clark must be listed as dependable always.



LILLIAN GISH



MARY PICKFORD



ALICE JOYCE



MAE MARSH



SCREEN CHARACTERS

The late John Hare appeared in pictures with Peggy Hyland in "Caste." He created the part of Eccles on the speaking stage, so it was a genuine treat to see him do it in pantomime.

Playing strong parts in and out of character are longtime actors like Melbourne MacDowell, who made his first stage appearance as Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It" with Adelaide Neilson. Later he joined Fanny Davenport, and they married. He became widely known as a powerful leading man of many parts. He has a distinguished screen presence, and strong personality. Another of that sort is Frank Losee who retains his good looks and dignity. Alec Francis, he of the twinkling eye, plays equally well the indulgent father, the peacemaker, the man of affairs, the some time butler, but never have we seen him doing the screen villain. He, like the two just mentioned, comes from the speaking stage, first in England with the Kendalls, then in several Broadway successes. He is college bred, a one time lawyer, a lover of music, a traveller, and was once in the British army. One of Losee's best pictures is "The Old Homestead" immortalized by the late Denman Thompson.

Edward Connelly, who played the rascal Rasputin in "The Fall of the Romanoffs" — a remarkable

picture with Nance O'Neil as the Czarina — has had a change of heart, for now we have him in an ideal part in "Shore Acres," the play of long runs, written and produced by the late James Herne. Mr. Connelly was in the original company, and played Herne's part in the London production after the death of Mr. Herne in '01. Mrs. Herne presented the play to Mr. Connelly as her husband's logical successor. In the picture play — one of the best of its kind yet produced — Mr. Connelly has the support of dainty Alice Lake, who scored in "Lombardy Ltd." with the effervescent Bert Lytell. Holmes Herbert is another strong actor first seen in the screen version of "A Man Without a Country" and more recently in "His House in Order," a picture way ahead of the speaking version, with Elsie Ferguson scoring again.

Joseph J. Dowling, he of "The Miracle Man" fame, is still doing wonderful work, as evidenced in his later success, "The Kentucky Colonel," a good adaptation of Opie Read's book. He is a civil war veteran, but not so venerable, as he was only a drummer boy and is yet a fine example of physical manhood, tall, erect and alert, with clear cut features and a strong personality.

Herbert Standing — there's an actor for you, to



HOPE HAMPTON



SCREEN CHARACTERS

say nothing of his big contribution to the list of players! His six sons have all made good, especially Wyndham, one of the best screen leads, as evidenced in "The Bugle Call" a distinctly patriotic picture in which he shared honors with young Willie Collier (called "Buster"). Then we cannot forget the big play of a season or two ago, "Rose of the World," with Elsie Ferguson. Another Standing son is Guy, who served in the British Navy and was decorated by King George. Then "we have with us" Percy, Harold and Herbert, Jr. Two have gone to their reward, Jack and Aubrey who gave his life for the cause on Flanders Field in France. Wyndham is named for his uncle, Sir Charles Wyndham, and is a nephew of that other veteran actor and screen player, William Carleton. Herbert Standing is a handsome man of much dignity, who says "The photoplay needs the actor and what is more the actor needs the screen." He came to it with a wealth of experience, acting with Irving, Hare, Wyndham and the like.

V

GRANDES DAMES AND OTHERS

HERE are many in middle life and past it, who adorn the screen and essay varied roles, running the gamut from hag to Dowager, like Edythe Chapman, wife of that excellent player, James Neill. She oftentimes sacrifices her good looks to suit the character as in "Everywoman" in which she showed her versatility to advantage. Kate Lester, the stately one, adorns drawing room scenes and is ever a picture of dignity. Her mother in "Little Women" endeared her to all. Eleanor Hancock is a beauty whom it is a treat to see, with her whitened hair, fine figure and taste in dress. Eugenie Besserer, who played the mother in "The Crisis," one of the best pictures screened, is another, good to look at. Helen Dunbar and Adele Farrington should be mentioned, as they never fail in the least to satisfy, especially when playing the society leader. Miss Farrington was on the speaking stage 20 years and sang in light opera at



ANITA STEWART



GRANDES DAMES AND OTHERS

one time. Edith Wynne Matthison, the eminent English actress, still in her prime, did a good bit of work in "The Governor's Lady," so well presented on the stage by Emma Dunn. Constance Collier has not been seen for a long while, but we can recall with pleasure her "Tongues of Men" supported by Forrest Stanley. Other stage-stars to shine are Charlotte Walker, Julia Arthur, Ivy Troutman, Henrietta Crosman, Katherine Grey, May Irwin and May Robson of the comedienne type, Mary Alden who played the housekeeper in "The Birth of a Nation," Rita Jolivet, Ann Murdoch, Billie Burke, Laura Hope Crews, Maude Fealy, Gail Kane, Lillian Kemble, Florence Short, who played Nancy Hanks in "The Son of Democracy," as fine a picture for the young to see as has ever been screened. In "The Idol Dancer" she has a vastly different role, but it shows versatility.

Opera stars have made the venture though not always successful in facing the merciless camera. Geraldine Farrar has been the most conspicuous, because of her rare dramatic ability which will stand her in good stead should her voice fail in the future. Her best picture thus far is "Flame of the Desert." Mary Garden was a picture, but did not have the vivacity called for to be satisfactory. "The only" Caruso appeared in at least one good

picture, "My Cousin," which had the added attraction of introducing a scene from "Pagliacci" actually done in the Metropolitan Opera House. Carolina White supported him and did well. Frieda Hempel signed up to appear but to date I have not seen the picture. Singers are not alone in being unsuccessful on the screen, for many have tried it — one or two noted beauties for instance. Among the young players to achieve unbounded success are Violet Heming, the star in "Everywoman"; Wanda Hawley; Doris Kenyon; Constance Binney, whose "Erstwhile Susan" scored heavily; Mary Miles Minter who made a hit in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnum brothers, and has many screen plays to her credit — all good and wholesome. Bessie Love will be enjoyed in "Old Curiosity Shop" years hence, as all the Dickens dramatizations will. Miss Love bears a startling resemblance to Mary Pickford in feature and little mannerisms, and I predict a big future for her. Miriam Cooper, first seen in "The Birth of a Nation" and the past season in "Evangeline," a well directed play, some scenes done in the Acadian Valley in Nova Scotia, is deserving of a place here.

There are a number of Orientals on the screen, headed by that Japanese artist-actor Sessue



ELSIE JANIS



MADGE KENNEDY



ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN



MABEL NORMAND



Hayakawa, and his charming wife Tsura Aoki, who has been commissioned by a president of a syndicate of 32 theatres in Japan and Korea to modernize and adapt for the Nipponese stage the plays of great British and American writers. Her modernization of Shakespeare is the first to be done in Japanese. Mr. Hayawaka made his first great success in "The Cheat" done with Fannie Ward and said to be one of the best pictures ever shown. It was dramatized for the stage from the screen, and proved a dismal failure as the Oriental atmosphere was not reproduced and it lacked the fine hand of the Japanese actor, to give it atmosphere. The couple came from Japan several years ago, are highly educated, and supremely happy in their sunny California home. Then we have Charles Fang, who served the late Admiral Dewey in '98 as cook on the Olympia. In many pictures of recent seasons, we see hundreds of Orientals as in that supreme classic "Broken Blossoms" a page from the "Limehouse Tales." This picture created a furore in London and will continue to do wherever it is shown. Here we discovered a new star in Richard Barthelmess whom we had seen in many parts, but it took the hand of Griffith to develop him in this, also in "The Idol Dancer," and his future fame is assured.

THE KIDDIES

As to the kiddies, hats off, for they are wonders! There is Ben Alexander in "Hearts of the World" and many other pictures, big-eyed Bobby Connelly, who grew up in the Vitagraph studios over in Brooklyn, New York; Frankie Lee, the little cripple in "The Miracle Man" — ever forget him?; the irrepressible Lee sisters who seem to have grown out of our playgoing existence; Marie Osborne "Little Mary Sunshine" always accompanied by the darkey chap who convulses the "fans"; Madge Evans; the Hastings twins, Barbara and Adele, who alternate in "The Copperhead"; Georgie Stone; Anita Snell; Gordon Griffith; the Blackton children; Lillian Read, used in "Civilization"; Ethelmary Oakland; Francis Carpenter; Jean Fraser; the Steuart children; Zoe Bech; Wesley Barry, he of the freckles who shared the honors with Mary Pickford in "Daddy-long-legs" and was especially funny as Boots in "Male and Female"; Mary McAllister — the best of the girls; Pat Moore — he of the big eyes. Watch these players, for their training serves them well for the future, as grown ups. The children are idolized in the studios and, fortunately the stupid



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MAJOR ROBERT WARWICK
Singer, Actor, Soldier



laws prevailing in Massachusetts and elsewhere cannot touch these dear tots as age limit does not apply to the screen. Wesley Barry has reached stardom thanks to Marshall Neilan who discovered his talent long ago.

MUSIC

Perhaps we will revise our opinion of what constitutes popular music when we observe 30-cent picture houses advertising their programs of music to accompany this or that picture. Here is an evolution from the older days when such an announcement might have kept all but the high-brows away. The patrons have become rather critical of late so that all the best picture houses have high class organists to meet the ever increasing demand for suitable accompaniments. Boston has one in Edith Lang — her very name suggesting the musician. She has issued a pretentious and highly valuable book called "Musical Accompaniment of Moving Pictures" and it is full of material. We used to have, among sundry nuisances, the rhythm fiend — the time beater, who disturbed our equanimity, but now when the organist becomes conscious of this, the tune is changed, which calls the aforesaid fiend "to time" anyhow.

VI

COMEDIANS

WHEN is a comedy not a comedy? Well, when the house goes wild over horse-play and slapstick, and the organ grinds out circus music, one wonders! Charles Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle are the stars that twinkle along these lines, and they have a big following. Maybe the tired business man needs to have his risibilities aroused by antics — the man who would not find much fun in the quiet humor, and genuine comedy — so his tastes are gratified, and it is all “within the law.” Happily there is less of the former pie-throwing, nose thumbing, and knockovers into pools of water than of yore. Quite the funniest comedy in the repertoire of Charles Chaplin is “Shoulder Arms” written and directed by himself. It is a clever satire on some features of the war, is clean, and, as the more proper patrons said, “is a scream.” The Christie comedies are wholesome, and from that company graduated Betty Compson,



NORMA AND CONSTANCE TALMADGE



the young girl in "The Miracle Man." Perhaps the best comedies and which all enjoy are those put out for the late Sidney Drew and his clever wife (formerly Lucille McVey). Mrs. Drew is giving us still more, and has John Cumberland with her. The Drews' best picture was their last one together

"Squared." Taylor Holmes, he of "His Majesty Bunker Bean" fame, excels in high class comedy and now has an established place. One of the funniest pictures along that line last season was "A Pair of Sixes" with the only Maude Eburne, who created the part for the stage. Fred Stone, a product of Colorado, has made one or two excursions into filmdom, displaying his acrobatic skill and agility. For a combination of humor and pathos commend me to Will Rogers. My first sight of him anywhere was in "Nearly Married" with none other than Peggy Wood, who is now touring in "Buddies" in her first picture. Though Bert Lytell lines up as an all round actor, a player of many parts, perhaps the funniest thing he gave us last season was "One-Thing-at-a-time-O'Day." Another picture to stand out, and good for a repeat anywhere, is "Lombardy Ltd." Charles Ray, one of the most finished of all the young leads can play any part, but rarely does he fail to inject pathos

STAGE AND SCREEN

with his humor. He shines in small town pictures, and clean farce. He is a "find" of another prince of directors — Thomas Ince, who gave us the spectacle "Civilization." Douglas MacLean is considered the cleverest of them all, in his subtle work, as shown in "Twenty-Three and One-Half Hours' Leave." He and his little leading lady, Doris May, are called the "Heavenly Twins" of the screen. Then we have Walter Hiers (who looks like Dickens' fat boy) and droll Johnny Hines, all good with never a trace of vulgarity.



J. J. DOWLING AND BETTY COMPSON
In "The Miracle Man."



DORIS KENYON

VII

GREAT PICTURE PLAYS

IT would take chapters to tell of the great pictures seen the past ten or more years, and their individual merits, or of the men "behind the throne" — the directors like Cecil de Mille, George Loane Tucker, the Ince Brothers, Charles Miller, Maurice Tourneur, William Nigh, young Neilan, Maxwell Karger, Albert Cappelani, Emile Chautard, Hobart Henley, Hugo Ballin, Herbert Brenon and others, all of whom are entitled to our praise. These, and more to come, are making the pictures better day by day.

Some of the big pictures of the past season were "The Miracle Man," "Broken Blossoms," "Jekyll and Hyde," "Male and Female" — big in directing, photography and individual work. The first named is the most appealing dramatic production I have yet seen, taken as a whole, with its highly satisfactory ending. Little departure was made from the stage version, seen at George Cohan's theatre

when first put on. Here's a play to show fifty years hence, because of its lessons, minus preaching. It discloses the dregs and wine of the world, how crooked lives are made straight, sordid ones made bright, and all through the spirituality of a sightless old man—a glorified patriarch. More experiences, good and bad, are crowded into this picture than people know in a lifetime. Joseph J. Dowling, the grand old man, little realizes how his influence goes forth to those in front. In the picture we have one of the old ladies of the screen—Ruby Lafayette, nearing four score—the one who played in "Mother of Mine" pictured from the poem. She entered the films at 73, having played on the stage with Booth and others like him. "Broken Blossoms" is a screen classic, a simple story told in pictures, and it took a firm hold here and in London, especially where "Chinks" prevail. It was Griffith's third big picture, but in no sense a spectacle, like the first two. Another fine picture was "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore, made from the play, which scored a long run in New York City with the same star. If there is anyone who cannot thrill to its superb tug of emotion, who cannot leave its viewing a better man or woman, boy or girl, all we can say is, that he has no



ROSE TAPLEY



WILLIAM S. HART



G R E A T P I C T U R E P L A Y S

mind, heart, or soul, and never will have. Millions have viewed this picture with dimmed eyes and none can escape its strange spell. It has historic features, introducing the great emancipator, and it lends distinction to any theatre showing it. Lionel's brother John has scored heavily in "Jekyll and Hyde" a motion picture masterpiece and one of the surprises of the year. The picture is gruesome — so was the play, with Mansfield, but above all is the art of the actor transcendent in a high degree. It has been truly a Barrymore year all round on both stage and screen.

Among lighter plays to recall with pleasure was "The Star Spangled Banner," dedicated to the U. S. Marines, in which a young English prig of a lad figures and finds his very soul just through the loyalty of the "soldiers of the sea" to their commanding officer, the chap's stepfather — a fine picture for the young, with a big moral. "Pollyanna" lines up as one that will never grow old and one of the best Mary Pickford has given with the possible exception of "Stella Maris."

VIII

WHY CENSORSHIP?

TO censor or not to censor, is a much mooted question in spite of the fact that motion pictures are improving rapidly day by day — why? Because producers are awake to the fact that public taste is being elevated, theatre patrons of the educated classes are turning their attention to the silent drama, and filling the theatres which give them the best the market affords. The pulse is felt and so we have better pictures.

Still the censorship bugbear confronts us, and must be met with vigor. President Wilson in 1916 said “Censorship is inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions.” There are, however, two kinds, the legal which is obnoxious, and the co-operative. Besides being distinctly un-American it is undemocratic and entirely unnecessary. State laws, especially in Massachusetts, are quite strict, and provide for the suppression of deliberately vicious and obscene presentations on stage and screen, so



GERALDINE FARRAR



LOU TELLEGEN

W H Y C E N S O R S H I P ?

why the self-appointed censors? In the National Board of Review we have a body of intelligent, broad minded men, who give freely of their time, so that commercialism cannot be charged against them. They endeavor to represent a point of view of the public as well as their own, and act accordingly on conviction. It is clearly apparent, therefore, that this group of men are performing a public service not to be under-valued, and for the millions who frequent daily the picture theatres the country over.

Producers have gladly submitted themselves to these men, and they well know they cannot "put over" a picture which is unclean or suggestive. The trade mark of the National Board of Review is or should be a guarantee of excellence. They review 95 per cent of all pictures being put forth and it is a significant fact that only a few were condemned in 1919. This proves that the output is clean on the whole, and what the adult masses pay to see.

It is only a dull narrow mind that seeks to impose its personal tastes by force of law upon its neighbor. Such people set up a howl over the nude in art and would drape the Venus de Milo, and other masterpieces, just because the young hopefuls of their families might be tempted to imitate and go about in

the "altogether." There is quite as much need for establishing censorship of the spoken play — the very titles of which are sometimes suggestive and idiotic; they might attack the press for unsavory divorce details, etc., the opera, books, magazines, paintings, sculpture, even conversation, as motion pictures, which are advancing so rapidly in quality and power, as to make all this unnecessary. The pictures long since left the stage of infancy and have attained marvellous proportions the world over.

Shakespeare could not have written his plays under censorship, and some authors would have been damned or silenced. How about the play "Camille," done for generations and by the most eminent players and in every language? This play is based on what? Any talk of censorship? No great art can be produced under the club of the police. Shakespeare did not write his plays for the masses, certainly not for children. The screen deals entirely with the masses — hence its popularity.

To show the fickleness of those who clamor for highbrow and cleaner pictures, why did they not support "The Blue Bird" with its wonderful accompaniment of music, "Prunella," a classic and beautifully done by Marguerite Clark, "Stella

WHY CENSORSHIP?

Maris," Mary Pickford's best picture, — and many others we might mention. These pictures proved commercial failures, and yet social workers and club women pick flaws in "The Miracle Man," "Broken Blossoms" and their like, failing to grasp the soul of these wonderful pictures. One stupid woman in Boston criticized "Little Women," because there was so much kissing.

As to the howl about children, for whom thousands of pictures are easily available, they have no more place in a theatre showing adult films, than they have at any speaking play "over their heads." This is a matter for the parents to control, and a good community spirit is best — that which cooperates with the local manager who will be glad to meet any situation sanely presented.

Motion pictures are put out for adults and not for the immature mind, yet we can list hundreds of pictures which are understood by both young and old. Pictures showing animals, a real circus and God's country here and there interest all. Edison said once, "Give me a fifteen minute picture and I can teach more geography than the printed page can give in a month." Presumably he referred to the average travel reel. Children in many pictures have shown clearly the Bible text "A little child

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shall lead them," but what do our children know or care about the problem plays and their like? Not one in a thousand can grasp the meaning of a play, even with a strong moral purpose, showing the villain in all his wickedness — there, to give the play the right ending. What does a ten year old, know about the regeneration of the bad man, about love, romance, the errors of life, temptations and all of it? He has no business there, and is usually a nuisance for all about him with his restlessness and audible remarks. Why should we adults over 16 see only pictures suited for kids? A blow at the freedom of the screen is a forerunner of attempts by well meaning, but narrow, malcontents and professional busybodies, to try to muzzle the press. It can't be done, however. We should censure such would-be censors and continue to enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness as set forth in the Constitution of the United States.

IX

WHY THEY GO

HERE are some of the reasons given why people go to the motion picture houses. The cost is small, and the entertainment informal; we can just drop in and do not have to bother about reserved seats; we get effects in the pictures that the stage can never produce; we can go in and leave at will, having no large investment to consider; we get our money's worth no matter how indifferent the picture may be. During the season there may be one or two stage successes worth the price, but in a picture house one is sure to get at least one feature worth while; in small towns, the stage shows are jokes, so what chance do the people have to see anything worth while, except via the screen, for cheap plays are worse than bad pictures and we lose less money by patronizing the film houses. One man declared that he went regularly to see the pictures for the following reasons — "because they give me science, history, drama, and

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comedy; because they bring me dreams and facts while I am alive, and alert, as I sit comfortably in quiet surroundings in a seat that costs little more than the tariff on a good cigar." Another said "I go because I can see the master dramas of all time, better than their authors dreamed; I can see the great fictions brought to life and enacted rather than told and can experience the tremendous and appealing griefs, mourning with the stricken and sorrowing with the bereaved, to my own betterment."

X

WHERE THE CAMERA GOES

A CAUSTIC critic once said in print that the motion pictures were no good and the camera does not get anywhere. Is that so? Well, we all know what Burton Holmes has done for us with his camera, taking us to countries we might never see otherwise and for a nominal sum. Let us see where the camera has already gone.

Under the sea.

Into the crater of Vesuvius.

Far inside both Arctic and Antarctic circles.

Three thousand feet under ground.

On the glaciers and in crevasses of the Alps.

Out under the bottom of the seas and in the coal mines.

Under the Hudson River and Niagara Falls.

To the headwaters of the Amazon.

Into the jungles of the Tropics.

On top of the Pyramids of Egypt.

Into the trenches of Europe and on decks of warships.

Thousands of feet in the air in aeroplanes.

S T A G E A N D S C R E E N

Upon the pilots of engines in swift action.

Upon the Eiffel Tower and into sewers and bank vaults.

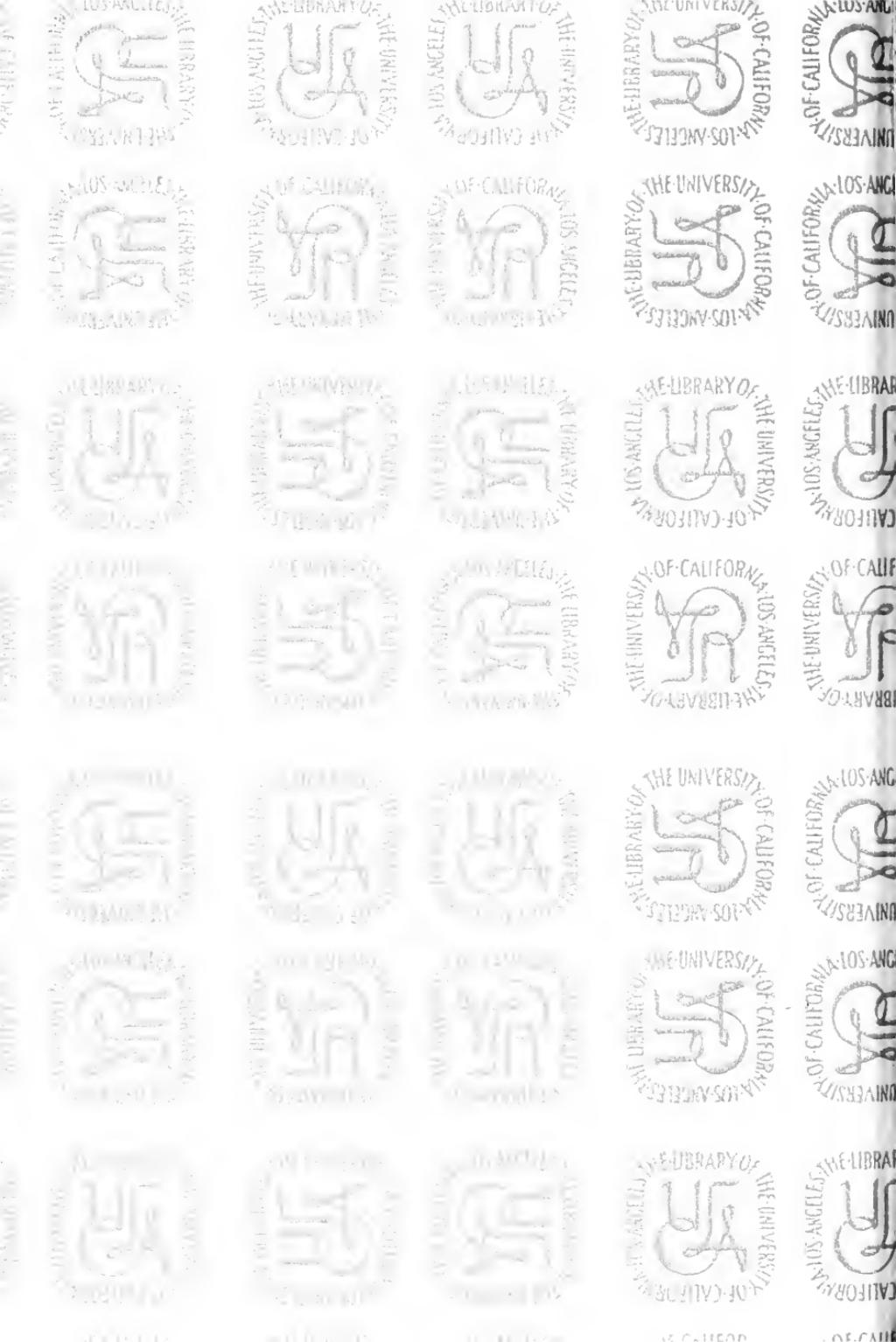
Into the palaces of Kings and in the slums everywhere.

Into the catacombs of Rome.

In front of Alaska glaciers where ice blocks bigger than ten story buildings were falling off.

Other places too numerous to mention.

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